

messing
about in
BOATS

Volume 30 – Number 8

December 2012

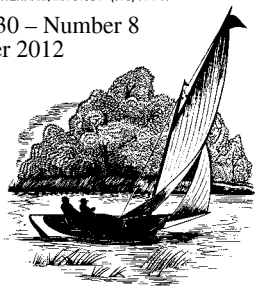
Special Features This Issue
Around Islesboro, North Haven & Vinalhaven
Turkey Buzzards Overhead
World Record Kayak Train – Grey's Boat
Weather Me Bruised & Tired!



messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 30 – Number 8
December 2012



US subscription price is \$32 for one year. Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request

Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043

Telephone is 978-774-0906

There is no machine

Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks

Magazine production: Roberta Freeman

For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:

Jane Hicks at

maib.office@gmail.com



Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

It's October 29 as I sit here ready to compose this Commentary for this year's end issue, intending to comment on how the year just past has gone for us and speculate on what the future may have to offer. But this also is the day when what the weather gurus have already called "Monster Storm Sandy" is about to go ashore in the Mid-Atlantic region several hundred miles to the southwest of us, swoop inland and back out to sea again northeast of us off the Maine coast, thus looping (luckily for us) completely around us here on the Massachusetts North Shore. Could be all we'll see here is some wind and rain, typical of countless fall nor'easters. But dire warnings have been incessant on TV news and weather, the Ken and Barbie weathertalkers really excited about bringing us all this potential bad news.

This has caused my thoughts to digress a bit. Perhaps before this issue goes off to the printer on the 31st the storm will have made manifest its real nature and it might indeed be as awful as is predicted. Then again, maybe not. I'll finish off this commentary after it has passed by and let you know.

The room in which I sit, our office, is the same 8' x 12' second floor bedroom I occupied in September 1938, when the great New England Hurricane of '38 swept through. Clear memories are few, I do recall coming home from the local lumberyard with my father (it was a Saturday afternoon, I think) and noting the funny color of the windblown clouds, sorta greenish. The AM table radio set (our only one) news had begun to talk about a big storm coming, but it was pretty much of surprise, it seems, not much advance notice.

I no longer recall the aftermath except that we suffered no serious damage here, my father was mostly concerned with the still nearly derelict barn covered only with tarpaper and propped up with long heavy pieces of angle iron that had once been parts of a windmill tower that pumped water from the well for an earlier owner. It had only been a bit over a year since my parents had bought this ten acre "farm" and he'd not had time nor money yet to do needed repairs on the barn. Well, the barn survives to this day, long since roofed and shingled, the second floor haymow serving ultimately (after interior upgrading) in 1960-83 as our office during our motorcycle magazine publishing years when we had as many as four of us at work.

I've lost count of the hurricanes and blizzards that have raged here in the intervening 74 years, but the 125+ year old farmhouse and barn still stand, never suffering any substantial damage from any of them, just lotsa inconvenience when power outages occurred. It seems to be a well chosen location. Our nearby (three miles away as the crow flies) Atlantic shoreline faces southeast despite being known as the "North Shore" (north of Boston) and we are 100' above sea level, so no ocean flooding threat and the most damaging winds from the northeast have to travel over 35 miles of mostly wooded interior Cape Ann before reaching us, taking some of the punch out of them.

Many's the time we'd jump into the car and drive over to nearby Magnolia (15 miles away) as a storm raged, where we could watch the storm waves breaking on the high rocky shoreline. It was here that "The Wreck of the Hesperus" took place at Rafe's Chasm. No more, today the local authorities close off the shoreline roads to non residents when serious storms threaten. The last big one we got to see close up and personal was the "Perfect Storm," we drove over to Manchester's Singing Beach (ten miles away) only to find hundreds of cars parked along the approach road, the parking lot already inundated and beach buildings threatened by huge rollers rearing up and breaking all along the beach. It was an awe inspiring experience seeing all that ocean power from a relatively safe vantage point above the beach on a bluff. I dunno why the cops ever let that happen, but now no more.

Fast forward now to October 30, the "morning after." Well, not much of an impact here, windy and rainy, never lost power, no damage to buildings, a few small limbs down off big tree next to house. TV news seems to suggest it was much worse down in mid-Atlantic area from the Chesapeake north to NYC and Long Island and south coast of Connecticut and Rhode Island.

My boats were never in peril as the kayaks live here in the boatshed annex to my barn, unaffected by the storm. But how about those of you who live on the heavily impacted coast from the Chesapeake to Long Island? Any good stories to tell about dealing with the storm's impact on your boats? If the spirit moves you to share them with us, email them to me and I'll put together an overview in the January issue.

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 4 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 5 Book Review: *Some Nautical Tales*
- 6 You write to us about...
- 7 Two Ways to Promote Sailing
- 8 Turkey Buzzards Overhead
- 13 Iceboating
- 14 Around Islesboro, North Haven & Vinalhaven Islands
- 17 Messabout 2012
- 18 The Best of Jim Thayer: Coast to Coast
- 22 DCA: Rally Reports
- 25 Downhill Rowing
- 26 Rowing on the Merrimack River: Part 3
- 30 World Record Kayak Train
- 32 Beyond the Horizon
- 34 25 Years Ago in MAIB: ELCO "Twenty-Six"
- 38 The Perfect Canoe
- 40 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design
- 43 Grey's Boat
- 44 Weather Me Bruised & Tired!
- 46 Learning from the Master
- 47 The Keewayden Project
- 48 Fastener Basics
- 49 Non-Binding Luff Tie System
- 50 From the Lee Rail
- 51 Trade Directory
- 57 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

Dave Lucas (of Tiki Hut Boat Building fame) tells us that he's organized kayak trains amongst his local paddlers on occasion and finally felt it was time to put together one of world record scale (possibly for the *Guinness Book of Records*?). So he went ahead and did just that, his story with photos is featured in this issue on the cover and centerspread (took a lot of page width to fit most of them in).

Give Christmas Gift Subscriptions to your friends who mess about in boats...

It's a gift that keeps on coming all through the year!

To order, complete as many of the order forms at the right as you need (or copies of them) and send them to us at the address below with your check for \$32 (U.S. only) for each gift subscription order. If you prefer to pay by credit card, you may do so through www.duckworksmagazine.com for \$36.

We will mail out gift announcement cards in time for Christmas delivery if we have your order in our hands no later than December 17, 2012. If you wish, we will send the announcement cards directly to you if you prefer to personally deliver them.

All gift subscriptions will begin with the January 2013 issue unless you specify otherwise.

*messing
about in*
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906



GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDERED BY:

NAME: _____
MAIL ADDRESS: _____
CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

GIFT FOR:

NAME: _____
MAIL ADDRESS: _____
CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

GIFT CARD SHOULD READ FROM: _____

☐ SEND ANNOUNCEMENT CARD TO ME

GIFT FOR:

NAME: _____
MAIL ADDRESS: _____
CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

GIFT CARD SHOULD READ FROM: _____

☐ SEND ANNOUNCEMENT CARD TO ME

GIFT FOR:

NAME: _____
MAIL ADDRESS: _____
CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

GIFT CARD SHOULD READ FROM: _____

☐ SEND ANNOUNCEMENT CARD TO ME

It's about time



Join Us

Kayaksailor.com

Kurvia llc PO Box 1470 Hood River, OR 97031 Ph 541.716.6262

SHAW & TENNEY
Orono, Maine

...the World's Finest Oars and Paddles, since 1858.



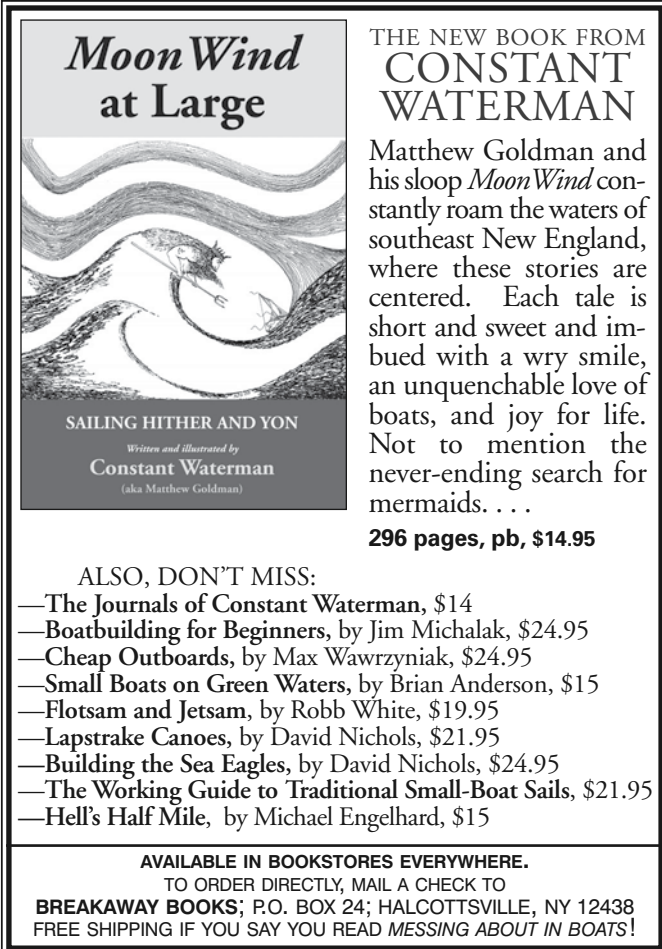
Handcrafted in Maine, used all over the world.

- Oars and Paddles
- Wooden Masts and Spars
- Bronze Rowing Hardware
- Adirondack Guide Boat Oars and Hardware
- Boat Hooks
- Handmade Brown Ash Pack Baskets and Creels
- Wooden Flagpoles

www.shawandtenney.com

PO Box 213, Orono, Maine 04473 – 800-240-4867

Moon Wind at Large



SAILING HITHER AND YON
Written and illustrated by
Constant Waterman
(aka Matthew Goldman)

THE NEW BOOK FROM
CONSTANT WATERMAN

Matthew Goldman and his sloop *Moon Wind* constantly roam the waters of southeast New England, where these stories are centered. Each tale is short and sweet and imbued with a wry smile, an unquenchable love of boats, and joy for life. Not to mention the never-ending search for mermaids. . . .

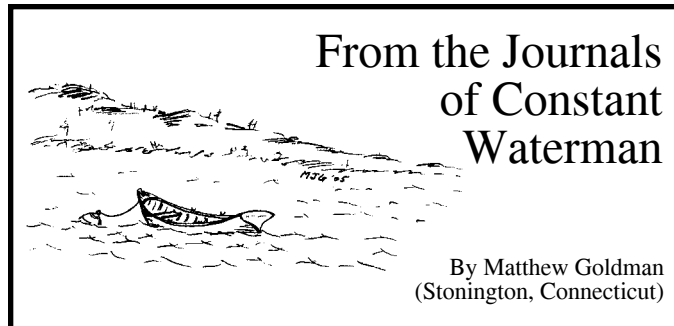
296 pages, pb, \$14.95

ALSO, DON'T MISS:

- **The Journals of Constant Waterman**, \$14
- **Boatbuilding for Beginners**, by Jim Michalak, \$24.95
- **Cheap Outboards**, by Max Wawrzyniak, \$24.95
- **Small Boats on Green Waters**, by Brian Anderson, \$15
- **Flotsam and Jetsam**, by Robb White, \$19.95
- **Lapstrake Canoes**, by David Nichols, \$21.95
- **Building the Sea Eagles**, by David Nichols, \$24.95
- **The Working Guide to Traditional Small-Boat Sails**, \$21.95
- **Hell's Half Mile**, by Michael Engelhard, \$15

AVAILABLE IN BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE.
TO ORDER DIRECTLY, MAIL A CHECK TO
BREAKAWAY BOOKS, P.O. BOX 24; HALCOTTVILLE, NY 12438
FREE SHIPPING IF YOU SAY YOU READ *MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS*!

**From the Journals
of Constant
Waterman**



By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)

Yesterday morning I checked the Internet for its wind prediction. Ten knots, it assured me, without even the usual lull at teatime. Ten knots right through the day and into the night. And the cloud cover would dissipate by noontime. I checked on the tide and found the day propitious to make a circuit of Fishers Island. Or maybe to run the twenty miles down to Point Judith Pond. The gods, however, had not been consulted, nor propitiated.

I arrived at West Cove just before noon and could barely see the breakwater, quarter mile away. The flag at the mouth of the inner harbor flapped half-heartedly. I went into our boat shop and messed about for an hour or more, catching up on paperwork and talking with clients. Eventually, I wandered down to the launch with my ditty bag and my cooler and caught a ride out to *Moon Wind*.

I raised the main, shook out the reef from last weekend, and hanked on a jib. My sails fluttered with all the enthusiasm of a curtain by a screened window. I cast off the mooring pendant and drifted away. I picked up steerageway after a while and tacked out of West Cove. I headed out the channel and nearly succeeded in overtaking the markers. It was low slack tide and still and hot and humid. Sails blended into the haze at a mile. My sails were full but my wake resembled that of a goldfish leisurely wagging his tail.

After half an hour I'd advanced a quarter of a mile. The first of the channel markers into West Cove lay another quarter mile ahead. I knew I would reach it well in time for supper. Then the gale abated. All about, sailors took in their rags and motored home. I managed somehow to come about. I had time to eat my sandwich during the process. Eventually, I dropped my sails and motored back to my mooring. It's been a while since I cruised nearly a mile all in one day.

I puttered about and did some chores and listened to music the rest of that afternoon. I raised the pumpout boat on my VHF and waited as he serviced the marina. At half past four, he drew alongside and communed with my holding tank. As the sun had left the yardarm far behind, I radioed for the launch. Coming along the pier to the landing place, I saw someone waving to me. I stepped out onto the pier and waited for him. It proved to be an acquaintance I haven't seen the entire season.

"I've just returned from Nova Scotia," he said. He'd single-handed his forty-foot sloop down to the Maritime Provinces and messed about for a while. He looked hale and fit and glowed with accomplishment; though this isn't his first adventure by any means.

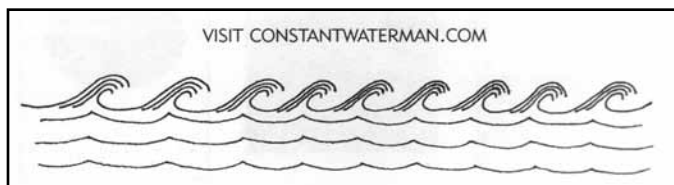
"The worst I encountered was a nasty squall for which I wasn't prepared," he told me. "I had to reef my sails in forty knot winds. It was all I could do to shorten sail and stay on the plunging deck. Another time, I needed to climb my mast to retrieve the halyard for my jib, the pin came loose from the shackle. And then, off Stonington, Maine, I fouled my prop on a pot warp. I had to go into the water to disengage it. Blowing maybe twenty knots and the sea all dismal-lumpy. Didn't get warm until the following Tuesday."

But it seems he had a grand time despite these incidents. Next he's off to the Chesapeake.

Last year, he sent me an article, replete with color photos, he'd written about another trip he'd taken. He's done technical writing and was trying some journalism. We began to speak of creative nonfiction. I told him of my progress, about the advent of my book. I asked him whether he kept a journal; whether he planned to write about his journey to Nova Scotia.

"I considered it," he said. "But there really isn't much to write about – nothing happened."

VISIT CONSTANTWATERMAN.COM

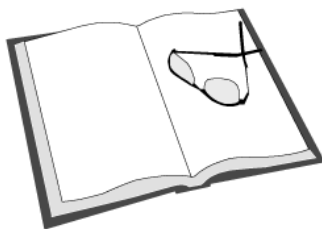


This book relates the experiences of the author as he worked his way up from ordinary seaman to shipmaster in the United States Merchant Marine. At age 27 he was appointed captain of the flagship of the fleet of the T.J. Stevenson & Co, Inc, New York City, but as he remarks, "youth was a temporary handicap that we eventually overcame."

Wilbur Vantine's chronicle of his adventures starts during WWII and ends 313 illustrated pages later in 1957 when he began a new career as a pilot taking ships through the Panama Canal. Having so much enjoyed this book, I hope that Captain Vantine will write another book about his Panama Canal piloting, because his writing style is not only captivating and entertaining but also educational. He writes about seamanship along with an exposition of life afloat and ashore during his career, with asides on politics, philosophy, the military and the peculiarities of particular cargoes, all with honesty and humor.

We get to read about "One Ball Stanton;" how Vantine was offered to be fixed up with a wife on Pago Pao by a native chief; a captain who put his ship from full ahead to full stop in mid ocean "to let the purser off," much to the consternation of the engine room crew who did not know what was happening and had thoughts of an imminent collision; champagne by the case labeled "Electronic Equipment...Do Not Jar" (to get it through customs); a chief engineer who never set foot in the engine room; the "40 Thieves," referring to thievery by customs agents who would confiscate whatever personally appealed to them (shades of airport security yet to come); stevedores in a communist country who walked in hobnailed boots, no less, in a hold on the roofs of shiny luxury cars intended for party bigwigs, doing considerable damage; breakage, wastage and pilferage by dock workers, a quite common occurrence and considered acceptable to be tolerated worldwide if one wanted one's ship loaded quickly and correctly without stoppages and if one didn't fancy a fall into a hold or having a cargo sling full of cargo fail right there where one is standing, all "accidentally," of course.

Vantine's ship became tide and ice bound in the Arctic because of "stupid military rules," as he puts it. His first mate, who joined the US Merchant Marine in 1943 at age 18 was, in 1952, considered a deserter and was forced to join the Army (why not the Navy?) as a private when he was next in line to be a captain. Considering the fact



Book Review

Some Nautical Tales

By Capt Wilbur H. Vantine
Published by Authorhouse
ISBN: 97814670411126
1663 Liberty Dr, Bloomington, IN 47403
Available at www.amazon.com
www.barnsandnoble.com
Paperback – 332 Pages – \$19.99
Ebook \$3.99
(800) 839-8640
www.authorhouse.com

Reviewed by Bob Groot

About the Author

Captain Wilbur H. Vantine was born in Quanah, Texas but grew up in Missouri. At the age of 18, he joined the U.S. Merchant Marine and trained at the Maritime Service training facility at Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, New York. He graduated from the Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, NY, ranked first scholastically in his section.

In 1957, he became a Panama Canal pilot. He took early retirement from that position in 1983, after having completed more than 4,800 piloting assignments in the Panama Canal. He continued living in Panama until 1997, working as a self-employed Marine Consultant/Surveyor and as a part-time. Docking Master for Petroterminal de Panama, the company that operated a pipeline across Panama for Alaskan crude. He handled more than 300 piloting assignments of tankers on the Alaska Oil Lift, ranging up to 300,000 tons displacement. He lives in McAllen, Texas.

that the WWII Merchant Marine casualty rate exceeded that of all the armed forces, it makes one wonder about the thought processes of the military hierarchy.

Dr Timothy Leary, doubtless well known to all of you by name and reputation, as a plebe at West Point (how many of you knew that?), made some interesting observations about the military's view of plebes and civilians in his book *Flashbacks* (p81) which shed a rather revealing light on the term "collateral damage."

This book is not about messing about in small boats but concerns bigger boats and ships (*readers who enjoy Hugh Ware's "Beyond the Horizon" columns should have a look at it—Ed*), in this case mostly Liberty ships. The difference is one of scale not substance. Here written down is the stuff of one's wildest dreams and, at times, one's worst nightmares. Much can be learned from this book about careful navigation, prudent seamanship, sailors' skills and the intuition inherent in instantaneous decision making. It reveals a parallel universe to the one many of you experience.

The book is richly illustrated in black and white photographs of shipboard activities, harbour scenes and sightseeing views taken from the sea of Mount Fuji and the heel, as well as the toe, of Italy's boot. And Captain Vantine highly recommends the Hagia Sophia in Istanbul as a visual and metaphysical experience.

The 8 1/2"x11" size soft cover book in a number of ways is as applicable to a small sailboat as to a ship. It is a textbook, a diary, a descriptive life history and a commentary on society's mores and habits. Even should the reader have no interest in ships but might be contemplating writing a life history or personal musings for personal satisfaction or for relatives and friends, this book is a very good example of how to go about so doing.

For an old salt like me, with years spent worldwide aboard large ships, this book was an absolute must read, there's so much of interest in the way of learning how to deal with emergencies in a most seamanlike manner. It is hard to put down but its format lends itself to reading a small section at a time, starting to read at any chapter and getting caught up in the content.

The few typos encountered are not disruptive of the narrative and should one wish to learn the origin of the name "screwdriver" for a drink of orange juice laced with vodka, turn to p193.

WEST WIGHT POTTER OWNERS WEB SITE

Technical & Modification Data

List of Potter Owners Worldwide!

Great Sailing Stories & Helpful Tips

No Dues.....Just Information!

www.wwpotterowners.com



Columbia Trading Co.

Nautical Books & Artifacts

Free Mail Order Book Catalog • On-line Shopping
Cape Cod Store Open Year 'Round

We Buy Maritime and Naval Book Collections

1022 Main St. (Route 6A), West Barnstable, MA 02668

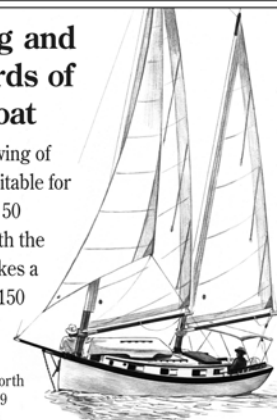
508-362-1500 • Fax: 508-362-1550

info@columbiatradings.com

www.columbiatradings.com

Drawing and Notecards of Your Boat

A pencil drawing of your boat, suitable for framing, and 50 notecards with the drawing. Makes a great gift! –\$150



Scott Baldwin
Box 884 Killingworth
Connecticut 06419

See web page: www.baldwinstudio.us



You write to us about...

Activities & Experiences...

Yikes, I'm 69!

I'm a long time happy subscriber and have enjoyed meeting with you at various events and paddling with you when a member of Cape Ann Rowing Club. I led sea kayak trips and was chair of Knubble Bay, Beal Island Camp of the AMC through the '90s and am also Member #93 of the Maine Island Trail Association.

I just turned 69, yikes! My Chesapeake Light Craft Northeast Dory with lugsail option, built up at WoodenBoat School in June, is almost finished and I hope to get it wet before winter. I'm also keeping my 16' Grumman Skiff, inspired by one of Dave Getchell's "Gunkholing" columns in *Small Boat Journal*. It's sporting a new gas sipping 20hp Nissan 4-stroke and I'm ready for more MITA adventures. With these two I hope to spend the maximum amount of time possible "Simply Messing About in Boats."

Al Hansen Wilmet Flat NH

Campertop Made All the Difference

Pictured here in Waterford, New York, at the confluence of the Erie Canal and Hudson River on our Whaler with the heater going is Jane enjoying her morning coffee. We have added a campertop, which made all the difference in late season boating.

Dick and Jane Tatlock, Lincoln, MA



Information of Interest...

GYA Fish Class

The GYA Fish Class hull that Dave Lucas rescued, only to find it was not salvageable, is not well known outside of a few Florida yacht clubs. It is a handsome design and deserves commemoration for the historical record. I created this illustration from a set of plans redrawn in 1949, provided to me by Chip Hayward, Tampa architect, who has confided that he would like to build one. The 1949 plans lists sponsors as Southern YC, Pensacola YC, Eastern Shore YC and the Houston Launch Club, but the boat was popular in St Petersburg as well, at least, with six delivered in 1919. Builder Edgar Young charged \$150 each for that fleet!

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL



Taking Pictures While Rowing

In *MAIB*, October 2012, Peter Jepson describes his problems holding onto the oar handles while he works his camera. I found that the simplest solution to this was a short bungee cord. Take a wrap, or two if necessary, around the two handles together. You can then let go and they will behave very nicely, with the captive oars even adding a good bit of stability as you give attention to other activity.

Nick Fast, Hilton Head Island, SC

Follow-up on Dorade Review

Yes, that famous yacht was not named after the dorade ventilators, it was the other way round. The author is absolutely correct on that. But what was the boat named for? Answer: the tropical fish "dorade", also known as "dorado", "mahi-mahi", "amberjack" or "dolphin fish". It has a golden sheen (dorado = gold), and is very good eating, as I can attest, as we caught two 10-pounders on our sail across the Atlantic from Antigua to Hamburg, Germany last year (see my article in *MAIB*).

Reinhard Zollitsch, Orono ME

Information Wanted...

Looking for How to Build 20 Boats

I am looking for a copy of *How To Build 20 Boats #10*, 1950. I have a model of the skiff "Chessy" which I received at the age of nine. I know the boat was not correct in the construction, it should be flat on the bottom and curved on top, not the way it is in the model pictured.

I would like to build the boat for my grandkids. I'm 68 so I thought it's about time to do it right. But I need the book or a copy of the plans. The model was built from the book.

Any leads would be great. The whole book would be huge, I have been looking for this book for about ten years with no success. My dad had the book back then and gave it to a guy to make the model and I lent the book

to someone years later, who wouldn't own up to having it.

Bruce Fairbairn, (612) 952-83168, (614) 339-30063 cell, vintekhrp@bigpond.com



Opinions...

The Future of Sailing

I attended the Sail America Conference this summer in Newport, Rhode Island, where the theme of the weekend was "From Survive to Thrive." A lot of the discussion centered around how we as an industry can get more people involved in sailing. We talked about how people view sailing as difficult, expensive and exclusive. As someone who didn't grow up sailing, these were viewpoints I once had. Once we purchased WindRider and got started talking to people about sailing, I quickly came to realize that, while it can be all those things, it doesn't have to be. That boats can be cheap, sailing is actually quite inclusive and, above all, anyone can do it.

Unfortunately, it is the public perception that matters, rather than the truth. So at the conference we talked about how we could break these misconceptions and much of it involved on getting more people out on sailboats. Because it is only through experience that we can change people's views of sailing. Unfortunately, the conversation seemed to always fall back to what we as an industry can do. How we can personally invite people out when we go sailing, or doing things in our communities to sponsor sailing events.

While these are things that can help, I don't believe that our industry alone can do much to change the current decline. We need help of everyone who owns a boat, who enjoys a day under wind power, who has felt the calming effects of cruising along with no other noise than waves lapping against the hull, to help change the mindset of people who aren't sailors and don't think they could be sailors.

Why does it matter? Well, besides my own self interest (owning a sailboat company), I think that sailing provides a lot of benefit to the community. Sailors tend to be more respectful and cognizant on the water, have a higher environmental awareness and an overall stronger sense of community. So my challenge to myself and everyone else is this, talk to people about sailing and invite them to participate. Don't let people think that they can't sail because it is too difficult, expensive or exclusive.

Robert Sanberg, WindRider Corp

In early October I was invited to volunteer sometime with a nonprofit organization, the Bay Area Association of Disabled Sailors, otherwise known as BAADS. They buy specially equipped small sailboats and offer training and help to people with disabilities so they can sail safely on the bay. My friend Dave and I arrived a little early and made our way down to the tightly packed dock area on Pier 40 where they have their boats stored in a rack and gear in lockers close by. It was a clear, beautiful day in San Francisco and everyone was in an upbeat mood for an upcoming training session with a rep from the Australian manufacturer of the boat, Access Dinghies, followed by some sailing in a good breeze in McCovey Cove, just behind the Giant's ballpark.

Various other volunteers arrived, along with the special needs sailors who represented quite a range in abilities. Several were in power wheelchairs, usually controlled with special joysticks operated by hand, head or chin. A couple of folks had leg issues but still got around fine upright. One fellow with cerebral palsy could speak only slowly and with great difficulty, but most could communicate verbally, including one young woman who was very bright and helpful and kept well ahead of me mentally, which I tried hard to attribute to the lack of my wakeup morning tea.

My friend and I asked permission of the adjacent yacht club to park in their lot since we were associated with the BAADS organization and the club is a supporter of the program. They said that was fine so long as we got permission from the harbor master, so the talkative young woman kindly accompanied us in her power chair down to the harbor master's office (which is next to the yacht club) and got formal permission granted. This seemed a bit involved for a parking space in a nearly empty lot, but we were all in an upbeat mood and looking forward to playing with the boats.

Back at the dock, the boats were soon set up, the crowd got a pep talk and some tips from the boat rep and in a few minutes there were four sailboats plying the route from the marina, along behind a breakwater and out into McCovey Cove. These special needs sailors use power winches to run the mainsheet, jibsheet, and/or tiller and the 12' boats are quite spirited. They can heel over but have a heavy weighted area on the bottom of the centerboard to prevent capsizing.

Suddenly a large commercial tugboat came forcefully into the cove like a bull into a china shop. A couple of the BAADS boats were in front of it and even though the bigger boat tried to muscle up close, they held their lines and made it respect their rights. These folks go through a huge amount of trouble and effort to be able to get an hour or two of sailing and their love of the boats and the sport is wonderfully evident.

After watching a while, Dave and I headed over to the yacht club for a beer and a spot of lunch. As we were ordering at the bar, a rather overweight fellow who had been sailing his barstool since before we came in (in a stiff breeze, too) began asking us who we were and why we were in the bar. Dave mistook the question for polite interest in us and told him a bit about his volunteer efforts with BAADS going back to the 1990s. The guy made a sloppy tack back to his beer for a slurp, then continued with his interrogation. Were we actually members of BAADS

Two Ways to Promote Sailing

By Steve Curtiss



Access Dinghy Equipment

Access Dinghies have developed a complete package of primary and support equipment which removes all barriers to simply going sailing. This unique system now covers five models of boats, a full range of ancillary equipment, the philosophy on accessible sailing, tools and information to support accessible sailing clubs.

The Boats

Access Dinghies uniqueness comes from several original designs:

Roller reefing system, enabling the sailor to adjust the size of the sail to suit various conditions while underway.

Ballasted centreboard, ensuring the dinghy is difficult to capsize.

Hull design, innovative concave hull shape promotes additional stability.

Sailing position seated low down in the boat instead of leaning over the side to gain stability.

The servo assist joystick which operates the electric winches (if fitted) opens up sailing to all people as this joystick can be controlled by hand, foot, chin or any moving body part. This is a revolution, allowing even people with very profound disabilities to participate with able bods in every day activities. (www.accessdinghy.org)



or just volunteers for many years? Were we officers in the organization? Where was our official plastic badge from BAADS? (We had only handwritten ones from the yacht club.) By this point Dave was thoroughly annoyed, I was getting there and the bartender was embarrassed. The assistant bartender and the others sitting or standing within hearing distance were aware but unconcerned.

As the bartender began to explain to me what the law said about membership restrictions and we were attempting to find some middle ground, I could hear Captain Barstool still questioning Dave as though Dave were a vagrant trying to sleep behind the bar overnight. Finally the cross examination stopped, our lunch arrived and by default it was agreed that we would eat with the other BAADS people now gathered at a table on the veranda and leave. We did and we won't return.

Lots of folks these days are upset about the declining interest in sailing and casting about for explanations. Well, this is one and a big one. To be clear, I understand the rules governing private clubs and alcohol and I'm old enough to know that a yacht club needs to limit the people who can use their premises. I have no problem with that. What I do have a major problem with is the attitude that accompanies the enforcement of these rules and I think a lot of other people do as well, including sailors and a lot of potential sailors. Captain Barstool wasn't just seeking to apply reasonable rules in a civil way to equals, he was enjoying being rude and flexing his club power over people he considered beneath him. The longer his questioning lasted and the more we showed signs of discomfort or annoyance with his poor manners, the better he liked it. By the end, he was positively glowing and the other members were unwilling to interfere with his fun.

Yacht clubs in general (I know there are exceptions) have a well earned reputation for being conservative, snooty and exclusive, a reputation that pervades much of the sailing arena and turns a lot of people off. I believe this is especially true for the current generation of young people, who may acquire an interest in boats but were raised in the creative internet meritocracy and see people more for what their interests are and what they can accomplish rather than what their social position score is. Where is the yacht club with attitudes that would interest young sailors who are drawn more to the sport and technology of sailing rather than the opportunity to show off power and status symbols? Where is the yacht club that's about inclusiveness, innovation, trying new rules, playing with new designs, having a blast? I think it's time for a change of attitude back to the real deal, more people enjoying the basic excitement of sailing.

And as if to emphasize the concept, on the way back from lunch there, in the cove was the BAADS group, working together and dealing with incredible difficulties to get their time on the water, showing us all exactly what the right attitude looks like.





After millions of years, water and wind erosion have proven to be sharper than knives. Enroute to the Gulf of Mexico, the Rio Grande carves a deep canyon through sedimentary rock formations.

"There's the Rio Grande," Mike said, "with amazingly clear water, thanks to the underwater springs rising to the surface. Across the river is the abandoned mining camp of La Linda, Mexico."

The light olive water looked reasonably pure to me, and I knew that many people had swallowed it straight from the river without ill effects. "We have enough water for three or four days," Mike continued. "Then I'll fill up our jugs and canteens from springs along the way."

In late March, 2012, under a blazing early afternoon sun, our party of 11 was eating a sandwich and cookie lunch without even a hint of shade. Assembled at water's edge, on the Texas side of the river, were our canoes, boxes and packs for a 9-day, 8-night, 85-mile expedition down through the Lower Canyons of the Rio Grande.

Mike, a Belfast, Maine, professional guide and veteran river rat, was ready for his 39th descent of the Rio. A mechanical engineer by training, he was a genius of organization and planning. In a canoeing version of Old Home Week, some of Mike's longtime friends and guides had joined him for this expedition. Shauna, his wife, served both as guide and certified nurse. Originally from Canada, she had thoroughly embraced the canoeing lifestyle.

The third guide, Pierce, personified the ultimate outdoorsman. "I attended the US Air Force Academy and flew jets," he said. "I have run a Colorado ski lodge and worked as a professional big game hunting guide in Alaska. Now I'm a rafting outfitter in Moab, Utah. During the winter, I'm a nurse at the local hospital." I originally felt that Pierce was a reasonably sane canoeist, until he reached for his double-bladed kayak paddle. "I am convinced this is the right paddle," he said.

The eight guests knew the whole routine from previous trips with Mike. "I wouldn't go with anyone else," remarked Stan, who was constantly pitching in with various chores becoming, in effect, another guide. Harold, Wendy, Gerry and Alister hailed from Canada, drawn to a desert river that they never could have experienced in the North.

Pete, also from Belfast, Maine, was a lifelong friend of Mike's. A building contractor, he busied himself around camp with his skills. Rick, from Minnesota, was living out of his van on an extended cross-country adventure. I rounded out the group, a New Hampshire librarian happily leaving his desk for the Great Outdoors, invariably more exciting and fulfilling than the Stodgy Indoors.

We all met up in Odessa, an oil rich West Texas boom city with great food, warm hospitality and a distinct sulfur taste to the

Turkey Buzzards Overhead Paddling the Rio Grande

By Richard E. Winslow III
"For the Canoeists and Kayakers Who Have
Braved This River"



water. A five-hour van ride brought us to the Big Bend National Park office, where Mike presented his permit credentials and submitted his itinerary. Then we set out over a washboard, dusty road to our La Linda put-in.

For our armada, Mike had assembled a fleet of mostly Old Town and Mad River boats. Used once a year on Mike's Western trips, these canoes were stored at Pierce's Quonset hut in Moab. Despite bumps and scrapes over the years, these battle scarred veterans proved to be completely serviceable.

Mike (stern) and I (bow) occupied the lead boat, a Wood Duck canoe manufactured by the now defunct Blue Hole Canoe Company of Sunbright, Tennessee. Despite its age, this antique is not yet destined for the Smithsonian, as Mike takes great pride in maintaining his keepsake in prime working condition. On its black greenish hull appeared the name *Naturalik*, stenciled in white letters. "What does that mean?" I asked Mike.

"I was paddling on the Leaf River (Rivière aux Feuilles) up in the Ungava Peninsula in northern Quebec," Mike answered. "There I met an Inuit whose canoe had this name. When I inquired about its meaning,



Old canoes never die, they just float away. *Naturalik* has served Mike well on his numerous North American expeditions.

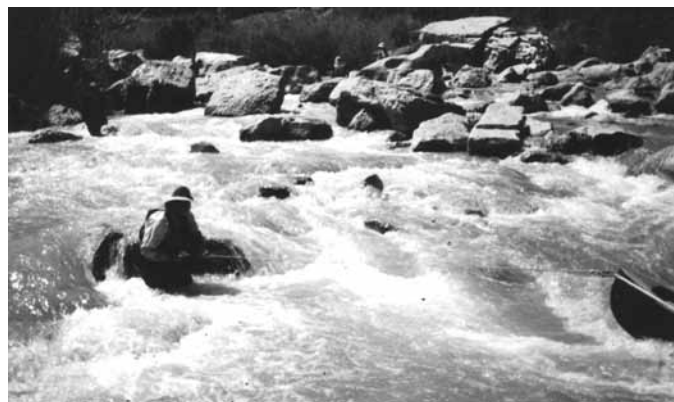
the man responded that it was the Inuit word for "eagle." Then and there I decided I would adopt the same name for my canoe."

Before we hit the water, Mike gave his final instructions. "There are two things to guard against on this trip, dehydration and sunburn." I needed no prodding on either warning. Sapping our energy, the broiling sun dictated that everyone drink plenty of water. On every flatwater section, I chug-a-lugged from my canteen, and I had two or three plastic bottles as backups. With temperatures soaring into the 90's, I frequently submerged my floppy hat in the 72° river water and then plopped it back on my head, letting the relatively cool water drip down my face, back and chest. Within ten minutes my hat would be bone dry, so I would repeat the process. At lunch stops, some of the others jumped in fully clothed to ward off potential heat prostration and hallucinations.

I likewise heeded Mike's advice on sunburn. With my pale skin, I had always

"Come on in, the water's fine." A high-noon dip in the river fully clothed wards off heat prostration and sunstroke.





“Left!” “Right!” “Backpaddle!” A master instructor, Mike stands on a rock, shouting directions for shooting the rapids.

on previous trips plastered my face a number of times each day with layers of zinc oxide or sunscreen. But even then I’d still be half-burned. Except for my face, I covered every inch of my skin, wearing gloves, hat, long pants and a long-sleeved windbreaker. Apparently pardoned by the sun god, or just foolhardy, others on the trip wore shorts and T-shirts and went hatless.

Other dangers kept us constantly on the alert. When turkey buzzards glided back and forth between the 1,200’ high canyon walls, Mike would caution, “Keep moving. If you don’t, they will see you and land for a ready meal.”

Also requiring close attention were long cane rods that were easy to trip on while ashore. These cane bushes also lined the riverbanks, extending out and overhanging to fuse into a low, latticed canopy over the fastest, deepest water. In order to avoid getting “hung up” in the shallow, bony water of mid-river, we took our chances, within reason, and hugged the inside curl of the current as it raced toward the bend.

“Duck!” Mike exclaimed. Seconds later we skimmed under the cane roof with our heads and torsos either flat on the decks or below the gunwales. Sometimes we brushed so close that our backs and shoulders were slightly scratched. Once through this hazardous tunnel, however, we emerged in full daylight and sped onward. If a paddler failed to pay attention, a good poke could easily take out an eye, rip an ear or possibly dump the canoe.

“Duck,” Mike yelled again to the rest of the party behind us. “I said, ‘Duck,’ not ‘Goose!’”

Other safety precautions kept me alert. Cattle, often not particularly people friendly, ambled out to mud islands, even crossing in low water and ignoring the international



Home Sweet Home for the night. With a million-dollar view, the author’s tent overlooks the river toward the distant cliffs.

boundary. “In this parched country,” Mike observed, “it takes 50 acres of grazing land to feed one head.” Many of the cows were so scrawny and malnourished that someone even referred to the critters as “beef jerky.” After dinner one early evening at our camp-

site, Mike casually made a startling remark. “Today I saw a cow without any legs.” He sounded so sad. After a couple of moments, he added, “They call it ‘ground beef.’” Evidence of the cattle was present at every campsite. It became an art (and a necessity) to find an unsullied tent site somewhere on the sand and gravel strewn with cow pies, cactus and thorny shrubs.

While some mavericks had undoubtedly separated from their herds, many of the cows belonged to active ranches in the washes and draws along the river. “Once when we were having breakfast,” Mike recalled, “some Mexican cowboys (vaqueros) crossed the river to round up strays. Not knowing each other’s language didn’t matter. We invited them to join us for coffee, which they eagerly accepted. Everyone had a great time.”

Other animals frequently showed up, scrounging for food. A ring-tailed bobcat circled twice during one supper, obviously looking for handouts and discarded scraps. We ignored him and devoured every morsel on our plates. Disappointed, the bobcat skulked off into the underbrush. In the distance, heat lightning flashed in the darkening sky, perhaps an ill omen?

Mike often spoke of the wild pigs (javelinas) that he had seen on previous trips. “Why don’t you ever tell a wild pig anything?” Mike asked. I sensed a joke coming on. “Because it will always squeal!”

On occasion, we encountered Texas fishermen in pursuit of catfish. These anglers had endured bouncing trucks on rough dirt roads to gain access to the river through rare breaks in the canyon walls. When they sped by in their powerboats, we turned our canoes to hit their wakes head on and avoid possible dumping. Bracketed between rapids or rock gardens, the fishermen were confined to

the flatwater stretches. "How's the fishing?" Mike asked. Generally he anticipated their response. "Not good today. We caught one yesterday."

Two events among many accentuate the dominating character of this remote waterway. Halfway through the expedition, we heard the roar of Upper Madison Rapids, long before ever seeing it. As Mike had told us well in advance, we would be facing a major obstacle. After arriving at the rim of the last flatwater, we scouted, absolutely mandatory in such situations. There it was, a Class III or IV to-hell-and-gone torrent surging through an immense boulder garden. No question, it was a lining job all the way.

Mike and Shauna knew my physical limitations and appointed me as the official photographer. I would follow the portage trail and leave the arduous lining responsibilities to the younger and stronger members of our party. But the hiking option proved almost as dangerous. I stretched every muscle in an up-and-down, tumble-prone scramble through a jumble of mammoth boulders. Portaging a canoe here would even have taxed the skills of an acrobatic giant. But once through that precarious passageway on my feet, knees and arms, I stumbled out at the base of the rapids and pointed my camera upstream.

Nine liners stood guard on river right, in hip deep water or on exposed rocks. The rushing water was almost strong enough to knock a person off his feet. The glistening whitewater, with geyserlike drops, leaped into the air as it crashed through this maze in its wild race downstream.

Mike left to go back and retrieve the beached canoes. He would paddle them one by one to the last lip of flatwater. There he would transfer each boat to the uppermost liner. The others, positioned at intervals, would grab the painters or gunwales in a coordinated effort to lower and line the canoes clear in a rope swing outside every rock barrier.

All went well initially, with the first and second of the nine canoes arriving safely at the bottom. Then the third canoe half rolled and took on water, which sloshed with heavy weight back and forth in the hull. The lining crew tried desperately to free it. To compound the problem, another canoe in line was blocked from moving forward.

When Mike returned with yet another canoe, he confronted a route clogged with two pinned down boats. Standing in a pol-

It's real life, not a Wild West film. As if out of a John Wayne movie script, cattle amble down to the river for a drink.



ing position with the advantage of height, he made an instant decision. To avoid crashing into the stern of the uppermost stationary canoe, he would run the rapid, hoping for a middle-of-the-river slot to bypass the clutter of pinned boats.

"I'm coming through," he yelled. "Get out of the way."

Everyone acted on instinct. The most exposed person on the end was Rick, who jumped back. Demonstrating his superb athletic skills, Mike poled down, bouncing and scraping in an incredible display of balance. In a matter of seconds, he navigated this intricate passage and eddied out into slow water. He immediately returned to supervise the freeing of the stalled canoes.

The ordeal was over. "There was a thousand pounds of thrust," said Mike. "The canoe, the gear, and my weight. The boat was going about five miles an hour."

Now in our liberated boats, we all crossed over to river left where our reward awaited us. We thrashed up through the muck to the best campsite of the whole expedition. Trees gave us shade and a cliff in back shielded us from the wind. I headed for the beach and a swim.

After supper, the stars and a sliver of moon came out, brilliant white in the clear air. At our elevation, cool temperatures would ensure a comfortable night's sleep. The great river below continued its relentless flow to the sea, the rapids' roar always in our ears. This place had not changed very much in millions of years. I was content.

Paradise, however, can't last forever. The next day, late in the afternoon, we ran an easy rapid and climbed a slope to establish camp on a bench. The canoes were safe for the night, pulled up out of the water with their painters tied securely to the trunks of bushes.

Our morale remained high, as it had been throughout the expedition, and we anticipated another routine evening and night in camp. Without warning, however, the weather conditions rapidly deteriorated. As we'd seen two evenings earlier, heat lightning flickered and then flashed. The identical charcoal black sky we had experienced that evening now returned. I then recalled our encounter with the bobcat, had he placed a curse on us?

While Mike, Shauna and Pierce were setting up the field kitchen, we hastened to pitch our tents. I always prefer to pitch my tent away from the others and from the cooking area, to avoid noise and smoke, so I happened to discover an excellent site on the third bench, high above the river.

Then the thunderstorm hit. Desert downpours usually last only a few violent minutes, but I sensed right away that this situation was different. Rain, wind, lightning and thunder accelerated. Abandoning their original low terrace sites, the rest of the party moved uphill with their tents and gear, joining me on my formerly private bench. Rivulets became streams, coursing through the sand and gravel to form little gullies.

The unexpected torrent completely changed Mike's plans. "It's the worst storm I have ever encountered on the Rio," he said. "There will be no supper here." But Mike would never allow his guests go hungry. With plenty of help, the cook crew moved the stove and all the pots and pans to higher ground, a somewhat protected site in a hollow that blocked off the wind. There they assembled a makeshift



Safety first, second, and third, or be sorry. Upper Madison Rapids constitutes a major obstacle, with all hands poised to help.



kitchen and, despite the most taxing conditions, managed to produce a meal of burritos with a hamburger filling. After receiving my portion, I headed uphill for my tent, munching the food on the way.

My tent was flapping in the wind, but not down. Once in my sleeping bag, I hoped my body weight would stabilize the tent, despite the jolting wind gusts rocking the canvas like a rag doll. As each new blast yanked at the metal stakes anchoring the tent, I feared that it would pull out the steel pegs and collapse the whole structure. Finally, the thunderclaps became fainter and the storm began to move away. Someone must have appeased the bobcat, not to mention the wind and rain gods. We were safe for the night.

The next morning, the broiling sun returned and the wind was gone. It was almost as if the storm had never happened. Our campsite soon resembled an outdoor laundry or a yard sale, with rumpled wet clothes draped over ropes stretched taut between bushes. Our routine that day was decidedly leisurely, with no great haste to break camp. The first priority was allowing sufficient time for the clothes to dry.

We all realized that we were, indeed, fortunate. Some flash flood storms have, in a matter of hours, wiped away whole campsites, leaving only a vast carpet of boulders deposited by the rushing water. New river channels would evolve and take hold as the older original routes were abandoned.

During that final morning we gathered as usual for breakfast. With a few docile rapids ahead, we expected an easy, laid back paddle to takeout.

That evening we would be sitting down for a farewell Tex Mex dinner at an Odessa restaurant. In less than 24 hours, we would be boarding planes or driving off to our respective destinations. In Mike and Shauna's case, they would barely have enough time to shake



"Come and get it!" Five-star chef Mike flips flapjacks for breakfast. Hungry expeditioners are always ready to lap it up.



Custom Cold-Molded Boats and Yachts to 40'
• 41 years of experience • DMCBOATS.COM

the dust from their clothes before leading a trip down Utah's San Juan River.

I did not feel sad at this inevitable parting, I knew I would see these people again. "It's a close knit, small group," I said. "Among those in the canoeing world, especially those who go on long expeditions, chances are we will meet again on another river. We all know or know of each other." Everyone agreed.

Takeout around noontime downstream at John's Marina ended the same way our trip had begun nine days earlier, flawless blue skies, enervating heat, blistering sun and endless desert vistas with eagles and turkey buzzards soaring overhead. John's Marina consists of little more than a landing place. A tortuous, tight switchback road led uphill to a tin roofed concrete platform with tables and benches. Not a person in sight, we had the place to ourselves for lunch.

We were reluctantly leaving the land of Zane Grey, John Wayne and Billy the Kid, the most beautiful and haunting desert country I had ever seen. Blue sky windows poked through holes in the uppermost canyon walls. Square, rock block buttes dominated the landscape. Hoodoos assumed fantastic shapes. The joy of being there far outweighed any hardship.

The Rio Grande is truly one of the great rivers of North America.



How about a yard sale at take-out? Can we possibly have more stuff than we had nine days ago?

Rio Grande Trips
Guide Service
Mike Patterson,
Master Maine Guide
Wilds of Maine
Guide Service, Inc
192 Congress Street
Belfast, ME 04915
Tel/Fax (207) 338-3932

Website: www.wildsofmaine.com
Email: info@wildsofmaine.com

KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing

Row & Sail Models

BAY of MAINE BOATS

P.O. Box D • Kennebunkport, ME 04046-1693
maineboats@roadrunner.com

TRADITIONAL MARINE STOVES



CAST IRON
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
WOOD BURNING
HEATING & COOKING
COMPACT

**NAVIGATOR
STOVES**

409 Double Hill Rd.
East Sound, WA 98245
(360) 376-5161

The Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

*...preserving, studying, building, restoring and
using wooden and birch bark canoes...*

Local events throughout Canada and the United States

On-line research and repair help at www.WCHA.org

Bi-monthly journal, *Wooden Canoe*

Annual Assembly

Join us at Paul Smith's College in the Adirondacks for our

2011 Assembly, July 13-17, featuring Ruston canoes

Become a member today.

Information at www.WCHA.org or call 603-323-8992.



Complete your CLC or other small boat in the beautiful Finger Lakes...with help from Billy O'Brien! Woodworker, mechanical engineer, master welder, millwright. Boat builder Since 1964.

billysboats.com • Ithaca, NY
607 387-5302
billyobrien@flt.net



Rio Grande map courtesy Texas Parks and Wildlife Department

Here is my report of what has been called the original extreme sport, iceboating. An iceboater can have many traits but one is certainly mandatory, optimism. The pessimist can easily find an excuse not to sail. Although rare, we have sailed in December before. So please forgive this sure to be premature report as we travel backwards in time.

We'll start with last July, always a popular month for iceboating in the Northeast. Our Hudson River Ice Yachting Club set up the two iceboats, *Vixen* and *Whiff*, on the lawn of Montgomery Place for the bicentennial celebration of the town of Red Hook, New York. The Montgomery Place estate was originally built by the widow of the first American officer to die in the Revolutionary War, General Richard Montgomery. The estate (worth a visit and open to the public) fronts on North Tivoli Bay, which usually gets sailable ice, and could be considered the home ice of the HRIYC when the river doesn't cooperate.

Sometimes the river cooperates later in the season and we have been known to carry 1,000lb assembled antique iceboats across the railroad tracks to sail them on the river. Tivoli Bay is also unique in that it's shallow enough so that at low tide the ice will somewhat take on the contour of the bottom. Not many places we can sail on ice with whoop-dee-dos.

The *Whiff* is owned by the HRIYC and was built in 1875 for display at the Philadelphia Centennial. Although no longer the state of the art iceboat she was built to be, she remains a beauty and is still actively sailed on lawns and ice. The *Vixen* is presently owned by Reid Bielinberg, was built in 1885 and was one of the first lateen rigged iceboats and is one of the last remaining. She is a fast boat, beating John A. Roosevelt's (FDR's uncle and the first Commodore of the HRIYC) fastest iceboat in 1886. Roosevelt would have none of that and bought her on the spot. She was last sailed on the Hudson in 2011. If you snoop around HRIYC.org you might find more pics.

This brings us back to another popular iceboating month, March, which we do often sail into but not this year. Instead, we were enlisted into the dubious task of moving FDR's iceboat, the *Hawk*. The *Hawk* is also a lateen rig and, at 28', is a bit smaller than the *Vixen*. FDR (who was a secretary of the HRIYC) was quite specific about how he wanted the *Hawk* displayed in his library, but the National Park Service knows better and wanted it put into storage so they could convert the display area into offices. They did allow us to set up the boat for a one-day display at the visitor center. Maybe someday they will make a new visitor center with the *Hawk* as a centerpiece. Maybe someday they will let us sail her on the ice. Gotta be optimistic.

Now for the exciting spectacular big report of winter ice sailing (so far) on the

Iceboating The Original Extreme Sport

By Dock Shuter



Hudson River 2012: Thhppt, nada, doodly squat, diddly, nutten, skunked. Oh well, there's always next year.

It's been said that ice sailing is the safest sport because you hardly ever get to do it. Hardy har har. Damn pessimists. In frustration some members of the club hit the road and went first to Lake Champlain's Malletts Bay. John Henry was already there sailing his new *Nite*, a newfangled bow steerer. We sailed Frank Wall's *Arrow*, another newfangled fiberglass production iceboat from the 1970s. There were a couple of antique stern steerers up from Red Bank, New Jersey's, North Shrewsbury Ice Boat & Yacht Club. A sight to behold as they left explosive rooster tails when they sailed through the small hummocks of snow.

A little later we came across the maiden voyage of a brand new fiberglass old fangled Great South Bay Scooter. Unfortunately, I don't remember the fellow's name but he put five years into making the molds and plans to make at least a few. A very nice looking boat, I believe they will be produced under the name of Long Island Iceboat Co out of Greenport, Long Island.

Access to Malletts Bay proved to be problematic at best. There is a huge VT Fish & Wildlife Dept public boat launch. Rumor has it that a new ranger decided the ramp was only going to be open for fishing. I think if we go again we will have to fit our iceboats with rod holders and outriggers.

Next we heard there was good ice on Lake Canadarago, New York. The six-mile N/S by one-mile E/W lake provided nice fast ice despite having a layer of snow. There was only one pressure crack, running E/W across the middle of the lake. Three of us sailed over the crack, where it was passable on the W side and were down at the S end when it started to get dark. As soon as

we started back N we got hit with a whiteout snow squall and immediately lost sight of each other and everything else.

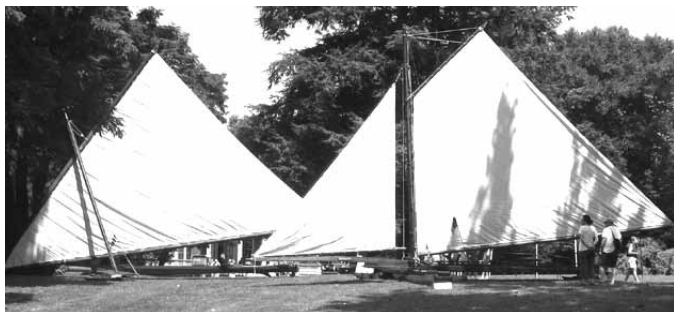
Shame to waste such a nice breeze but I was just luffing along, wiping the snow off my goggles, trying to sneak up on the pressure crack without running aground. When I finally found it I was on the wrong side of the lake, but at least I now had something to navigate by. I made it back to the ramp just as the wind and snow quit. Walt had beaten me, but where was Andy? Andy had lost the wind but not the snow. He started pushing back in the snow until it cleared up enough for him to see he was pushing in the wrong direction. He had a nice hike.

For this expedition I had brought along my trusty little DN, the *Red Barron* seen here behind Andy Hudson's *Gambit the U2* (basically a two-person DN). In the background is Walt Salis' DN and the 1843 Lake House Inn, which proved to be an excellent refueling stop.



Seeing the recent articles about Great South Bay, I can't resist putting in a photo from a couple of years ago. We stopped for a photo op SE of Bellport with my 100-year-old stern steerer, *Floater*.

Besides the famous Great South Bay scooters you've read about, there is another indigenous iceboat to the area called a shingle. They are a kind of poor man's scooter. The shingle makes no pretense of being a hard and soft water boat, they are strictly hard. Basically a flat board with a backbone to hold the forestay and main sheet blocks, and four-runners with rocker and no rudder. Just like a scooter they are sailed by shifting weight fore and aft which changes the center of lateral resistance, and by adjusting the semi balanced jib which changes the center of effort. Generally the boat is riding on two runners, when the breeze is good you're on one runner. Try that with a conventional iceboat and you're in what's called a flicker (spin out) and if you're not holding on tight, you will be spun out, too.



A Foggy Start

When I paddled around Deer Isle and Isle au Haut last year, I saw the three big islands of Islesboro, North Haven and Vinalhaven on my western horizon and decided right then that they would be the goal for my next year's trip in my 17' Kruger Sea Wind sea canoe. I had longingly studied the area on my NOAA charts ever since I got my little 22' sailboat in 1974, but I never made it around the formidable looking southern tip of Vinalhaven, just as I also never made it around the equally intimidating looking southern tip of Isle au Haut.

But 2012 finally was the year I would do it, I told myself, and do it solo in a slender, covered sea canoe. I could not wait much longer. I was not getting any younger, better or stronger to meet such challenges. So I carefully planned a leisurely six-day trip for the 75-mile loop around those three big islands, with my beloved NOAA charts and the MITA (Maine Island Trail Association, see appendix) trip booklet. Going solo, the three 3-mile open water crossings needed special attention, I knew.

Three days after the 22-mile ocean race in Gloucester, MA, the Blackburn Challenge, which I have raced the past 11 years in my sporty solo outrigger canoe, Nancy drove me down to Wadsworth Cove in Castine, which I had chosen as my starting and finishing spot. The weather forecast was not the best, but that could not be changed. I was confident I could beat the rain and thunderstorm predicted for later that afternoon. But it was foggy, real foggy.

We had the large crescent beach all to ourselves to set up the boat. One large sailboat was anchored just off the beach, then disappeared in a cloak of gray, only to ghost back into view minutes later. The air was laden with moisture; I could almost wring it out. It was one of those typical Maine take-offs, I thought to myself. And yes, I was barely 50 meters/yards off the beach, when Nancy and the entire beach disappeared in the fog. It must have been the same time that I disappeared in the fog from her point of view.



Islesboro ferry dock.

Lunch visitors on Warren I.



Around Islesboro, North Haven & Vinalhaven Islands Penobscot Bay, ME, July 2012

By Reinhard Zollitsch



Start of trip in Wadsworth Cove, Castine.



Into the fog.

My first hitch over to the northern tip of Islesboro was a 3-mile stretch of open water. The tide was coming in from the south; so was the wind. I compensated my chart course first about 20° for the western variation in this area, then 10° for wind, tide set, and to be on the safe side so I would not miss the tip of the island. It came down to adding about 10° to the true chart course (+20° for variation, -10° for wind and tide set) = +10°. And 45 minutes later land appeared where it should – a very comforting feeling.

I then felt my way south along the western shore of Islesboro till I heard and soon thereafter saw the new *Margaret Chase*

Smith ferry boat from Lincolnville Beach come in to the dock on the island, right across from my target for the day, Warren Island. It is Maine's only state park that is only accessible by water. I had reserved a camping spot in advance, checked in and set up my tent on #5, in earshot of the beautiful, rich ringing bell buoy, and right across from the panoramic view of the Camden Hills across the bay, which should appear, after the fog burned off.

At noon, I was joined by 10 young sea kayakers in brilliant yellow boats. After they had pulled their boats out on my tiny beach, they suddenly noticed they had missed their spot, #6, by a couple hundred yards. But lunch time was lunch time! You know young teenagers! When that was taken care of, they pushed off again, literally, poling their way over rocks, mud and seaweed back to open water, because the tide had gone out while they were eating and chatting. Only the leader lifted, pulled and slid his boat over the seaweed-covered intertidal zone back to open water. No one else got the message or felt that was necessary, not in rental kayaks.

Soon after the group had left, the rains came down in earnest, and the wind picked up. The predicted thunderstorm went north of my place, which I did not mind. Just around sunset, the sky suddenly cleared, and the panorama of the Camden Hills was briefly bathed in a splendid golden glow before night fell.

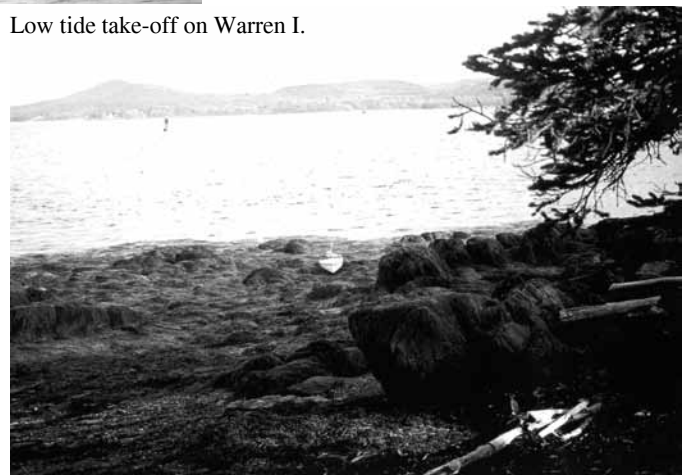
Down the Western Shore of North Haven to Hurricane Sound, Vinalhaven

The weather report for the next couple of days sounded great, and I could not wait to get off in the morning. The tide had just turned, and it was a long way to the water's edge over a field of seaweed and rocks. That could not be changed. It was sunny, and a light NNW 5-10 wind sprang up. I set a course towards the south, around 700-Acre I., and from there to Job I. and the tiny rock pile called Goose I. (between Mouse and Saddle I. – I love those names, you must have noticed).

At that point I had to muster my energy and check wind and waves in order to traverse the 3 miles of open water to North Haven I. I had the wind from behind. That was great, but as always, it gains in strength over open water, so that I was riding rather large waves from behind, when I approached Pulpit Harbor, one of my favorite sailing ports.

A group of 5 porpoises greeted me as I was rounding the corner into the western entrance of the Fox Island Thorofare. Numerous sailboats, including a very fast looking trimaran, were headed into the gut between

Low tide take-off on Warren I.



the two big islands, on their way to the Deer Isle Thorofare or Merchant Row just north of Isle au Haut.

I, however, continued farther south to tiny Ram I., at the northern end of Hurricane Sound. I found a gently rising granite shelf to take out on, and a sweet little campsite in the middle of the island. The island was so small, that I could easily see 360 degrees around, through the few trees surrounding my tent – it was a most delightful spot. My Satellite phone worked fine, as usual, so did my SPOT locator beacon, the water was just right for a swim, and coffee/cocoa tasted great. I also had no complaints about my simple but oh-so-easy to prepare Dinty Moore stews, Bush beans, Hormel chili and Boyardee spaghetti goop. Life was good!



MITA site on Ram I. in Hurricane Sound.

Rounding the Southern Tip of Vinalhaven

Next day's paddle was my favorite stretch of the entire trip, as anticipated. It was sunny and clear with a light northerly wind. I headed farther south, down Hurricane Sound and the Reach into Carvers Harbor, Vinalhaven's major port. The islands and rocky ledges looked very glacial, and the tide was

Vinalhaven ferry *Captain Charles Philbrook*



coming in hard. At absolutely the tightest spot (the eastern end of the Reach), the big, new Vinalhaven ferry, *Captain Charles Philbrook*, squeezed between me and a ledge on her starboard side.

We both then swung into the rather large and very busy harbor, Carvers Harbor. I was surprised to see so many lobster boats at their moorings, as if it were Sunday (but it was only Thursday). Or was this a self-imposed wait for the lobsters to turn into hard shells and gain higher prices, or a protest of some kind? I never found out. But the harbor was full of lobster boats for sure, and that at mid-morning.

I made a reconnaissance loop around the boats, before scooting out Indian Creek to the south, back out onto the open ocean. The shoreline was studded with lots of little treeless islands and even more ledges and barely submerged rocks. My chart from here to Bluff Head and Winter Harbor was a navigator's delight, like right now, for me paddling a shallow boat in bright sunshine and a friendly breeze.

But it could also be a sailboat skipper's nightmare in dense fog. The southern tip of Vinalhaven resembles and rivals the fearsome, but also spectacular, shore of Isle au Haut. I enjoyed myself immensely, picking my way around those ledges and even inside the narrows between the many offshore islands.

When my course turned NNW, the wind suddenly picked up, and whitecaps were forming. So I dipped into Seal Bay and finished today's run to Little Hen I. at the mouth of Winter Harbor on the more sheltered inside of the string of islands.

By then it was high tide again, and take-out on the tiny beach was easy. I went to the one-tent MITA site, but noticed lots of poison ivy around it. I quickly checked in by signing the MITA log book hanging from a tree, but decided instead to camp on the tiny beach, since I react strongly to poison ivy. I still remember my bout with that harmless-looking, three-leaved plant from paddling around Prince Edward Island. I can still hear the doctor asking me: "What did you do? Roll in it?" Prednisone took care of it eventually.

Another beautiful beach day: great swimming, bird and boat watching (lots of schooners were entering the Fox Island Thorofare from the east), reading and writing with a coffee/cocoa mug in hand – a great escape from society's pressures. I loved it and soaked it all in! However, despite my caution and avoidance of the poison ivy on Little Hen I., my left arm showed off those tell-tale, wet, itchy blisters the next day. I soaped off from top to bottom and did not find any more blisters later. Whew!

Carvers Harbor, Vinalhaven.



Trouble on Little Thorofare I.

For the following day I had more gunk-holing planned. I would first try to get around Penobscot I. into Winter Harbor via the narrow tidal arm at its SW corner, and from there via Mill River into Seal Cove and the Fox I. Thorofare. The first shortcut was a tidal delight, while the second one did not work out, because it would have necessitated a rather long and awkward portage over mud and ledges. So I cruised around Calderwood Neck and Point instead towards North Haven, where I swung around Kent Cove back out east to the tiny rock pile island of Little Thorofare.

One mile before I reached my destination for the day, my luck ran out: all of a sudden my starboard rudder cable snapped. 15 years of hard use must have shredded the steel cable, running in a Kevlar sleeve. I beached my boat and got out my repair kit, where I found some Pella window sashcord, extremely tough string, which I had packed for just such a situation. I tied a length to the rudder yoke and over the cockpit rim into the boat to my foot brace/steering pedal. Done! It did not take more than 15 minutes and worked very successfully as a temporary fix. But there was more trouble to come.

Ascending Little Thorofare I. was much harder than fixing the rudder. I encircled the steep little island, but found no pocket beach or rock shelf to take out on, other than the bar running over to the little ledge island. The MITA campsite on top of the island looked great, though. It had an unobstructed view north over Penobscot Bay, from Great Spruce Head I. in the west, past Eagle I. all the way across the bay to Deer Isle and Isle au Haut in the east.

So you see, I had to find a way to get up there. High tide made things easier, but it was still rough and quite acrobatic. I eventually balanced my boat on some sharp, more or less level ledges, wedging my bow and stern lines into crevices to secure it. I tried not to worry about how I would get my boat back down to the water's edge at low tide tomorrow morning. I could not see the ledge drop-off below my boat perch at high tide. So I left that problem for tomorrow. How bad could it be?

"Where there is a will, there is a way", I always keep telling myself in tight situations. By the way, this saying was my very first English sentence I learned in fourth grade – a real mouthful for a little German kid, believe me! It has plenty of the 3 hardest sounds in the English language: r, th and w, turning into: "Vay-ah zay-ah iss a vill, zay-ah iss a vay." (Don't laugh! Vut is rrrrong vass zet?)

When it was time to call Nancy at 5:00 p.m., I noticed my SAT phone was dead – a first on my many trips. Maybe I had not charged the battery after my Casco Bay trip this May, but worst of all, I had left the spare battery at home, thinking I would not need it on a short one-week trip. Two slip-ups! And I do not take kindly to that sort of thing, being a teacher and all that! So I decided to send Nancy a second SPOT locator message, hopefully indicating to her that I definitely had landed, was still on schedule and did not need to be rescued by the Coast Guard.

Next morning dawned beautifully, but the tide was dead low. The edge of the island looked much steeper and more ragged than anticipated. It also looked much farther down than the usual 10' tidal drop. My boat was hanging up there in the ragged, black rocks like a piece of bleached driftwood, very forlorn, but also very dramatic.

You've got to record this, I thought to myself, take a picture of your boat high and dry, teetering up there on those sharp ledges, held on tight only by bow and stern lines. If it had been an Old Town Canoe Co. Royalex Tripper canoe, I would have felt tempted to reenact Old Town's famous toss off the factory roof. Remember that successful ad picture for Royalex canoes? But no, I could not do that to my precious Kevlar boat.

And as I was visualizing the picture for this trip report, which editors Bob Hicks (of *Messing About In Boats*) and Tamsin Venn (of *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker*) would surely like and appreciate, my left Teva sandal-foot rubbed over some loose rock and slid into a crack in the rocks, a good 3' down, or even more, with all my weight on it. I kept my balance, though, being an old gymnast, by flailing my arms wildly. Unfortunately, my right arm held my camera by the safety strap and it "whammo!" exploded on the rocks.

Numbed and in shock, I dutifully picked up the camera pieces, put everything back in its bag, including the film that had popped out, when I suddenly noticed the excruciating pain in my left big toe, and the copious blood dripping from toes, shin and ankles. I had known for some time that I had to go digital with my photography, but I would have chosen a less painful transition.

My wilderness first-aid course, which I took along with my daughter Brenda, the raft guide, came in handy cleaning and dressing my gashes. I even buddy-taped my big toe to the next, since I was not sure it was not broken. I felt quite stupid that I had let this accident happen, but moved on immediately, with grim determination, hoping to make the accident un-happen.

I packed my gear, took down the tent, carried all bags to a rock shelf from whence I thought I would be able to get gear and me back into the boat and water. Only one problem remained: how would I get my boat there? Well, believe me, I planned every step and painfully hobbled, while heaving and prying, slipping and sliding, dragging and cajoling the 65-pound boat down to the water's edge. I left some white gel coat on the almost black rocks, which I rarely do. The sharp barnacles did not help either. But I got off eventually. So, what next?

Hobbling Home

Two Tylenol kicked in quickly; steering was done with the other toes. I was determined the trip would continue as planned. However, I was also very aware that I did not have many other options other than being picked up here and shuttled back to my put-in/take-out place in Wadsworth Cove, Castine. But how could I call for help? My SAT phone was dead. I still had my VHF radio, though, and could call other boats within range or the Coast Guard on channel #16. And then there would be the emergency button on my SPOT locator beacon. Naah! Suck it up! Let's move on!

Last year, some of you might remember, I had to miss visiting The Porcupines off Eagle I. because of wind and tide, but not this year, I insisted. So my course took me straight north past Sheep and Bald to Eagle I. and The Porcupines, which looked just as cute as the name implied. Then I swung northwest into very familiar territory, past Butter and Great Spruce Head I., and from there again straight north past Beach to Eastern Barred I.

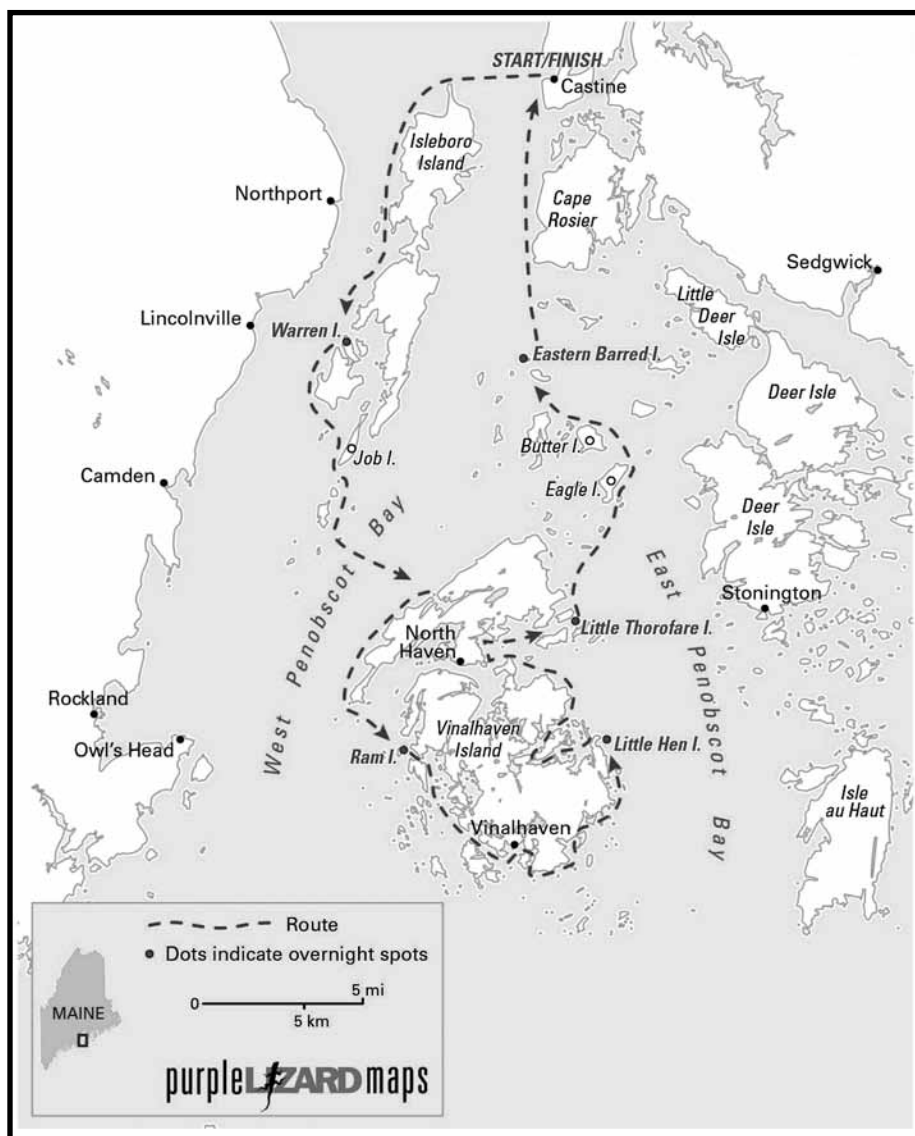
And what a delightful place this was. West I. and East Barred I. were connected with a crescent pebble beach, as the name implies. There was an easy landing, even some sand to rest the boat on, near the MITA site at the very eastern end of the bar. I had read there might be an eagle on Western Barred I., but I saw and heard none.

The shaded campsite was easily accessible over a few ledge steps, the ground fairly level, but a chainsaw would improve this site greatly and quickly, by taking out the many fallen, leaning and hung trees over the only grassy area. You see, I am not comfortable pitching my tent under a hung/leaning tree, after a tree fell on my tent, with me in it, at an official campsite at Allagash Falls in the Allagash Wilderness Waterway in northern Maine some years ago.

The night was miserable. I never knew a mangled toe, broken or just twisted, but swollen big time, could hurt so much. Every 4 hours I reached for more Tylenol, but could not wait to get up, fix breakfast and be off again.

It was another great, sunny day. A light southerly breeze pushed me along across the last 3-mile open water stretch to Cape Rosier, and from there across the mouth of the Bagaduce River, back to Wadsworth Cove near the town of Castine. I had done it, the trip was over, and what splendid scenery I had the privilege of seeing around Islesboro, North Haven, but especially around Vinalhaven Island. It certainly lived up to my expectations.

Only Little Thorofare I. will be marked in my MITA trip booklet as a day trip island only. There simply is no way to get a kayak or canoe up there above high tide line, at least not solo. I don't feel too bad that my rud-



der cable broke – better now than rounding a windy cape. My poison ivy did not spread and did heal. My camera needed replacing anyway, but my toe still hurts a month later as I write this report.

But all's well that ends well. A phone call on a friendly beachcomber's cell phone alerted Nancy at home in Orono that I had landed; and little over an hour later she was there to pick me up. Thanks a million, as always! You are a true gem!

The trip home was smooth; only our big, rambunctious yellow lab Willoughby had a hard time understanding that I could not take him to the park for a serious romp and swim. Sorry, boy! We'll make up for it later.

Signing off on yet another great and almost perfect trip. Enjoy, be safe, make sure

you have your batteries charged, avoid poison ivy, and watch your step on sharp rocks! :-)

reinhard@maine.edu
www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com

NOAA charts for Penobscot Bay, Maine
Maine Island Trail Association, Portland, ME (check out www.MITA.org)
Maine Island Trail, 2012 guide (MITA's handy trail guide for overnights etc., which is free with your \$45 annual membership).



'Resting On the Beach



In Water Discussion



Urbani Crew

Messabout 2012

By Frank Stauss

Photographs by Ted Kilsdonk,
Marilyn Vogel, Frank Stauss

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter
TSCA

September 7 dawned gray and nasty. The clouds were just waiting to dump a load of rain on South Jersey. On my way to Union Lake in Millville early that morning they did just that. Heavy, torrential rain forced me to pull to the side of the road. It worked out well though. Mother Nature got the rain out of her system and then decided to show her sunny side. The rest of the day turned out great but very windy.

Members of our Delaware River Chapter of the TSCA showed up, not in record numbers but in strong fashion. Boats of all types graced the shores of the lake. The festivities included sailboat, rowing and Cocktail Class Racer races. A trivia contest was held. I found that the most interesting piece of trivia had to do with our Chapter. This was the 31st year we have been holding this event, one year longer than the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival in St Michaels, Maryland.

If anyone went home hungry, shame on them. There was enough tasty food to feed an army. The end of the day came much too fast, as it always does.



Harold and Anna Marie



Beach Scene



Ron Gibbs Survived the Race

We went to Pacific Sail Expo in San Francisco last year just as tourists, as it turned out. This year we had a bird in the hand, an Express Whitehall for Joe McNamee. Joe ordered it early enough but Joe is getting a little creaky in the knee and wanted to get the thwarts up higher. After some discussion we decided to put on a plywood sheer strake. No decent plywood in Denver (still a cowtown I guess) ordered some from Harbor Sales. What with one thing and another, including planting more peach trees, the vise of time began clamping down. Our planned ten day leisure jaunt shrank to four days.



Joe gets ready for sea trials with his son's help. He spiffed up the Express with seat trim and cove stripe.

We had to get back because of east coast commitments, and Eric Russell's third New York Whitehall hadn't even been laid up yet. During the winter I had made a video of building Limpet and planned an elaborate video display to accompany a building demo. Scratch that.

Janis, logically enough, declared that she had seen it so I hit the road alone. Jim Meeks in Michigan had also ordered up a New York hull so that he would have something a bit more sophisticated to complement his dory. Jim has a nice collection of proper boats but when I arrived his son was buzzing up and down the creek on a new PWC. Well, a guy who rows a dory six miles a day can't be all bad.

Now, if I just kept my foot in it. I could make Poughkeepsie, New York, in time for the Clearwater Revival. Sure enough, I pulled in Friday at dusk. Eric, a

The Best of JimThayer



Coast To Coast

By Jim Thayer

long time Clearwater squeeze box player (known to readers for his "Old Ed" stories), was there to help unload.



Eric's hull drew a lot of kids.

The Clearwater Revival, organized by the Hudson River Sloop people, is a hippie/ New Age, artsy-crafty music affair which has a small boat section run by Stan Dickstein. I have attended a half a dozen times over the years and always enjoyed it, although the music isn't so much to my taste anymore. Pete Seegar is still around with his banjo, looking about the same as ever. It's a marvel of social organization with volunteers taking care of everything.

From a commercial standpoint it's not a big deal, although in my view it compares favorably with the *WoodenBoat* show. I got five pages of address vs two at *WoodenBoat*. For a modest fee you get display space, a tee shirt, camping, and three squares a day, good but simple fare. It's a good start for newcomers trying to break into the boat building game. This year there was a retiree with a beautiful stripper canoe that got a lot of stroking. On the other hand was a young fellow with a very nice Herreshoff Biscayne skiff. There are always a couple of those big old gaff rig Hudson River iceboats, the type that used to race the trains.



Outward Bound comes to see the Show.

Clearwater wrapped up, I had four days until *WoodenBoat* in St. Michaels. What to do? How about some quality road time? Leo Strong up in Connecticut had been

looking for a fantail hull so I made him a deal on the last Mallett's Bay hull still in the mold down at our old home in Virginia. I didn't quite have time for a round trip but at least I could get it loaded. The mold was hacked out of the jungle, dragged across the ditch onto the trailer, and the Limpet tucked uncomfortably inside, padded as best I could. This apparition arrived at St. Michaels Maritime Museum about midday Thursday, giving Valerie quite a fright. I assured her that the mold would be parked down the road out of sight.

Knowing full well that it would be hotter 'n blazes and likely to rain as well, some type of shelter was called for. I stopped at a Walmart but was put off by the prices as well as the memories of the fiasco at Starvation. I settled for some stakes and a blue tarp. I hit the Home Depot in Annapolis and emerged with some one by twos for tent poles. It seemed like a simple solution at the time. I'll just say that the actual erection is an interesting exercise for one person.

By marvelous good luck I fell in with the Englands and Surgents and got invited to a hospitable friend's house. We had a splendid supper (beer on tap while entertaining ourselves with comparing the storm warning on the tube with the lightning out the window. The next morning I found my shelter flattened with two poles broken. They evidently went out of column due to excessive water load on the tarp.

Friday the blazing sun threatened to vaporize the Miles River, along with the boats and any Englishmen foolhardy enough to be abroad. Perhaps I've become disaccustomed by my years in Colorado. There was a brisk business in bottled water and people suddenly developed a profound interest in old engines, which resulted in a capacity crowd at the Propulsion Bldg. which is air conditioned.

My old (he's 91) sailing buddy, Bob Booth, showed up to help man the booth and charm the customers. Bob, a real salt of the old school, has been helping me with shows since the first Small Boat Show at Newport. They were the good old days. We still need a show like that. We were next to Rob Barker of South Cove Boatshop. Rob had a 20' Chaisson racing Swampscott and it was a real beauty. With some hatches in that big foredeck it would make a great Kokopelli cruiser. I put it on my list.

Boat show essentials: Good assistant (Bob Booth), shelter and cooler.





Rob Barker at his stand.

On the other side was a spiffy run-about from Citronella, GA where the mosquito goo comes from. Since the other booths were crammed with boats and merchandise, our relatively open space became the de facto passageway. We had more traffic than any space at the show. A few made greeting as they stepped over our feet but most hurried through looking neither right nor left. A golden opportunity for a real salesman I suppose.

Mostly, Bob and I lolled in our chairs trying to catch the faint breeze, between raids on the blanket covered cooler. Between the cooler and a big can of enormous peanuts that Bob brought, we managed to survive the day.

Saturday I put up the shade first thing in the morning and then put it up again when I got back from breakfast. Saturday was pretty much a replay of Friday although I did venture out more to see the show. The big story of the show was the family boatbuilding. This has already been reported on in detail in recent issues so I won't go into details.

Sunday dawned drizzly and of course the fly was flattened. Getting short of sticks I put it up as a leanto which was very satisfactory. Thankfully the temperature moderated somewhat. The rain put a damper on painting so the pile of International cans for the family built boats went unused. *WoodenBoat* had counted on an outpouring of manufacturer support which failed to materialize, so they took a beating. However, everyone seemed to agree that it was money well spent. As noon approached a steady stream of hand-carried boats to the bulkhead began. They were hoping to push them all over at once for a world record mass launching but there wasn't room. As it was the 61 boats went over in two waves. Joe Youcha, megaphone in hand, superintended the whole affair and, I'm quite sure, deserves most of the credit for pulling off a minor miracle.



John Ford, Museum operations director, and Joe Youcha, boat construction honcho.

After the big launching the rest of the day was anticlimatic.

Although I am primarily a glass guy, with all the suspicion and innuendo that implies, I tend to get on well with the dedicated wood fellers. One of the main attractions of the *WoodenBoat* show is the chance to visit with all the acquaintances that I have made over the years. For example, it's worth the price of admission just to hear the latest from that consummate raconteur, Paul Regan of Shaw and Tenney, and his lovely wife Helen.

The whole affair has gotten a little fuzzy in my mind and I don't have a program but a few things stand out in my mind. George Sargent's kids boatbuilding area and pool were a real attraction. It's good to see that George's years of volunteer work with kids at MASCFC has led to commercial success. After all these years the Beetle Cat people turned up, an eye catching Beetle Cat was out sailing more than most anything else. Lie-Nielsen was there with his gorgeous tools. You get 10% off if you buy something on the spot so I treat myself each time I go. Maybe my grandson will appreciate them.

I was lured to the Pettit Flexbond booth where I was plied with two Heinikens so I may lack objectivity. Anyway, they had what seemed to be a truly remarkable goop. It's a two part epoxy that can be put on in a glob and doesn't sag at all. It's really tough but flexible. You may not need it often but when you do it looks like a winner.

Then there was the \$8,000 stripper canoe. Very nice indeed but you'll have to make your own assesment. At the other extreme were some mustard yellow Banks dories. They looked like the real thing, the kind you nest on a schooner deck. Never got back to check them closely. Lots of other great stuff but it's slipping away now. To sum up, it was wonderful but hot. The boat building was inspiring but boy was it hot. It was fun visiting with everybody... about the heat. It's gonna happen again next summer. Same time, same place. I just hope it ain't so...



Thad Danielson and his little Presto sharpie.



The Pulsifer Hampton.



Steve Kaulback's partner David Rosen had wet feet the whole show.

Dan Sutherland looks over a refinisher's nightmare.



Bright and early Monday morning I was off for Connecticut and made Leo's by late afternoon. He has a large lake front spread with a very nice restored Chris-Craft at the dock. Leo has been into boats for a long time and the Mallett's Bay is doubtless in good hands.

We pulled the hull out of the mold and I was lamenting having to put the Limpet in the mold and haul the whole works back to Colorado where the mold would probably become a solar heated hot tub. Leo allowed as how maybe he could find a home for it. Done. We rolled it off along side one of his other projects.



Leo Strong, new custodian of the Mallett's Bay mold.

Many years ago Bob Attenborough of East Hartford approached me at the Mystic meet wanting advice on making a plug out of an old 16' launch hull he had found at Mallett's Bay on Lake Champlain. I suggested that he cover it with Coremat which would be easy to fair (no itch) and would make a good base for a final coat of glass. Bob did a great job on the plug but felt that he didn't have enough expertise to lay up the mold, so he took it to some well known pros. Even after a lot of hammering they couldn't get it off so they split it down the middle.

Bob talked me into taking the mold and I turned out a few hulls, but I had to work over the mold after every hull. After the Mallett's Bay morphed into the 19' Mountain Girl I never laid up another one.

The mold is just the ticket for somebody who wants one nice fan tail and can stand some slight imperfections. A wild-eyed enthusiast who wants to get into the boat business, perhaps with an electric boat, could pull one hull and turn it into a perfect plug for a new mold. If interested get in touch with Bob, Leo or myself.

Bidding Leo good luck, I had just time to make it down the road to spend the evening talking boats with the hospitable Pittaways. Rob used to be with Mystic seaport and drew the plans with which I started my fiberglass boatbuilding career.

It was raining Tuesday morning so we chewed the fat until 10am, when I gritted my teeth and plunged into the torrent, traffic that is. The Garden State was in rare form. How can people live like that? I quit early in Delaware thinking I had earned a motel. I switched a couple of tires to justify extra shower time.

I had a couple of days to sponge off my brother-in-law back in Virginia and move junk around my storage yard (still four molds there if you want to become a boatbuilder), then I was off for Reedville. On the way I stopped by Yankee Point Marina where my cement boat was launched.

Yankee Point is a very hospitable, sailboats only, marina run by John McConico, a swell feller and blue water sailor, who puts out a really helpful, possibly lifesaving, newsletter.

As usual I took a turn around the docks to see if anything of interest had turned up. A sort of derelict, unmasted, center cockpit forty some footer caught my eye. From a distance she looked like cement. I just gave her a quick look and thought to myself that somebody had a lot of work to do. John said that somebody had given her to the current owner and that he in turn was giving her away.

Now, just a couple of weeks earlier, I had a call from John Massey, an old friend from Richmond. We had been out of touch for ten years or more. I had run into John years ago when Jim Green had mentioned somebody building a big boat just south of the James. I found John and his brother Broddus finishing the hull of a big ketch. She was a Sampson boat intended for ferro cement, but the boys had elected to build her of plywood strips. In ensuing years they added a yellow pine deck, house tops, a big near new surplus diesel, and started on the interior.

Of course, everyone who came to marvel wanted to know when the launching date was. I myself may have asked something of the sort. In time he was persuaded. I got to ride on the top to push up wires. She went overboard at the Richmond Upper Terminal and we powered her down the James to a marina. Ah, it was grand.

John moved aboard and commuted the long haul to Richmond. But winter came on and you know the rest. Finally John realized his mistake, pulled the boat and put her back in his garden. But the flame flickered out. There she sat for fifteen years until he gave her away.

Well, John and his lovely wife Susan showed up on our doorstep here in Colorado just the other day. We knocked over a lot of peach shortcake and chewed over the old days. As you've guessed it was John's boat I saw at Yankee Point. Not that remarkable a story but something to ponder if you get the hots to build a big boat and go cruising.

We'll never get to Reedville at this rate. In fact I got there Friday night after checking to see that my cement boat was still afloat. Sometime last spring I noticed a piece in the *Rappanock Record* about a wooden boat show to be held in Reedville, Virginia. What really got my attention the name Angus Murdock, the chap in charge. Some of you may recall the splendid affair run by Angus at the Virginia Beach Lifesaving Museum, the place where the sky blew up.

Reedville is remarkable for having a stately central avenue with imposing homes from the early days of the menhaden industry and no business district. There wasn't much doing when I showed up to launch Limpet but soon boats began to trickle in. They were nearly all local owner built row/sail boats, except for a couple of restored power boats. One curiosity was a skiff made of sheet monel, still nice and shiny, with a unique twin tank outboard, one on each side.

The Englands, they of the incredible tuckup, *Blackberry Seeds*, brought a restored runabout with original motor. Ron Gyrn from the Philly Tri State bunch came down to see what was up. Nick England, builder of gorgeous *Virginia* and several Nutshell prams, had that other boat but I can't for the life of me think what it's called. The Alexandria bunch brought the little square rigger, a replica of one originally given to Washington.

There was a big parade with lots of elderly royalty from every imagineable category and, of course, local politicians. There wasn't a bathing suit in the whole affair that I recall. Nothing wrong with that. Goodness knows us oldsters merit some recognition.

We set up in the shade for some lunch and were joined by the erudite John Coe, a white bearded schooner man from Delta-ville and points south, along with his lovely companion. John had brought a copy of the Declaration of Independence, it being the Fourth of July, which he read for us. I don't know that I ever heard the whole thing before. It was the kind of thing we need to do more often.

The Reedville Fisherman's Museum is an up and coming group that has a new building and a nice looking boat which I would have called a buy boat. Angus said that it was a little small for a buy boat, which collects oysters from tongers, and was called a deck boat, which carried local produce and freight.

The famous Wicomico Nutshell fleet had a race down on the town point which I missed. I had raced with them at Newport and at Southwest Harbor. Too bad Carl has given up his Wood Regatta.

Reedville is a very attractive venue and the event deserves wider recognition, which I expect will come. At the splendid closing cocktail hour several people kindly hoped to see me again. I assured them that I am never coming east again. I've been saying that for years but somehow, after a year in Colorado, the fear of the heat, humidity and traffic seems to fade. Anyway, I have a 50 year reunion coming up in Michigan next summer so we'll be entertaining orders from the mid-west.

Jim Thayer, Grand Mesa Boatworks, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624

Replica of the *Federalist*.





Reedville Fisherman's Museum "Deck Boat" *Elva C.*



Cute parade float.



Typical bay built boat.



William with his Oughtred Whilly boat.



The Englands with restored runabout.



A Harry Bryan kit I believe.

Untarnished monel skiff...

...and its unique wing tanked outboard.



Rally Reports



South Coast

Emsworth (Warblington Road) Day Sail, March 10, David Sumner

This was yet another successful winter day sail with a good attendance. The day started a little cloudy, but mild, with a gentle F2 wind from the N West. Alastair launched at Northney Marina and everyone else at Warblington Road. In gentle conditions such as these it was a good opportunity for trying things out. Liz had a new boat and I tried my topsail. When we first arrived at the slip there was no sign at all of the sea – it was LW on a big spring tide – but the rivulets and creeks soon filled and we set off for Fowley Island for elevenses. It was quite a tricky operation actually landing as the island was in the eye of the wind with a strong tide. Steve spotted Alastair creeping along from Northney and spoke to him on VHF.

At high water, we then set off for the Royal Oak at Langstone Village, boats sailing either side of Fowley Island to try and beat the tide. Len must have a mental map of the seabed in the manner of a lobster, as he crept over the grassy flats to the West of the island in just inches of water. I tried to follow, but, on a falling tide, my courage left me. Every touch on the mud gave me visions of being there until the next big spring tide in September. As usual, the fleet then scattered as they sailed by every conceivable route to the Royal Oak, a

waterside pub where, in warm sunshine, we ghosted into the little slipway and tied up for lunch.

The return found us in light airs and hot sunshine, and I had to row for a long distance over grassy banks just beneath the surface. Liz lost her halliard up the mast, but it was an excuse to test the engine. Alastair headed off to East Head overnight, and Sarah told me it was her first single-handed sail to a rally, so she was very pleased with her day's sailing. Cliff still manages to sail faster than me, but I keep practising! DS

Langstone Harbour Day Sail, March 31, Steve Bradwell

An early start needed for this one. The tide required those of us launching from Bedhampton to be on the water by 0830h or so. David Sumner and his Mirror dinghy neatly avoided this by launching from Itchenor in Chichester harbour and making more of a voyage of it, sailing around Hayling Island in the process.



Leaving the Royal Oak at Langstone

©Liz Baker

Three of us launching at Bedhampton were: Len Wingfield in his Gull, Liz Baker in her Slipper dinghy and Steve Bradwell, Enterprise. We didn't get much sunshine but there was plenty of wind and fast, fun sailing. It didn't take long to get to the southern end of the harbour.

We stopped opposite The Kench in Sinah Lake and

Gull, Slipper, Mirror, Enterprise, at Ferry Point, Langstone Harbour. ©Liz Baker



stretched our legs with walks along the foreshore and old jetty, which is exposed at low tide. Then back to the boats, and as the tide was favourable, a sail out to sea. I had received a phone call from David saying he was planning to sail around the 'outside' and I soon spotted him sailing towards the Langstone fairway pile.

Back in the harbour we all stopped for lunch on the sandy beach on the Hayling side of the harbour entrance near the Ferryboat pub. Having the furthest to get home, under Hayling Bridge, David left first. The rest of us had a quick sail across to Eastney Lake, then back to the Ferryboat for a pint before sailing home. At least Len and I did. Sailing back we found Liz trapped on the muddy lee shore of Eastney Lake. Once freed we had a fast sail back to our start point, long-tacking in wind around Force 4. *SB*

Portchester Rally, April 14-15, Len Wingfield

The forecasts for Force 6 gusts, cold wind and some rain undoubtedly put some members off, but the rally was far from a write-off with eight members in contact. Ian Hylton with young William and Lottie came for the Saturday in their outrigger canoe. Alastair Law launched his Paradox at Gosport Hardway on the Friday. Clive Chadwick sailed his 17ft gaff cutter (based on a Dockrell hull) from Southampton Water. Len Wingfield planned to sail his 14ft Woodnutt from Emsworth, but the forecasts of Force 4 to 5 gusting 6 were daunting so he launched from Hardway. Steve Bradwell turned up late on Saturday in his Inuit type kayak. Lastly Martin Vincent (who intends to rejoin) joined us for a pub meal.

As often happens, the Saturday weather was quite good, no rain, winds not too cold, variable but mainly moderate northeasterly. (It would have been ideal for sailing from Chichester Harbour!) By the evening however a strong cold northerly wind made our usual rendezvous spot uncomfortable so Alistair and Len moved round for shelter south of the castle's mighty Roman walls. This berth is not recommendable in any but calm water because of jagged flints, but there is a softer bottom further out. The four of us found the Cormorant pub in the Georgian style village much to our liking. *LW*

East Head, Chichester Harbour, April 28-29, Steve Bradwell

Unfortunately with the forecast for winds up to F9, Steve decided to cancel this rally.

Ashlett Creek, May 12-13, Cliff Martin

Conditions for this rally were excellent with sunshine and a very usable wind blowing all day. It was a variable wind and I must have made 7 or 8 sail changes on my way to and from the island.

Len launched from Warsash, crossed over to the Island and sailed up the Medina as far as the Folly before returning to Ashlett in the evening.

Ian and William sailed in from Netley

Alan sailed from the Hamble to Bucklers Hard. He returned for 2000h. I launched from Warsash at 0630h to catch the tide to Newtown. I left Newtown at 1000h just before low water and sailed to Calshot. I must have passed Alan but failed to recognise his boat. At Calshot I picked up a mooring and spent the afternoon asleep. I got into Ashlett for high water at 1700h.

Ian, William and Len all arrived at Ashlett for about 1900h. Ian and William brought their boat ashore while Len and I tied up on the lee side of the pontoon.

Ashlett SC was supposed to be having a cruise to commemorate the Commodore's birthday but most of the members' boats were stuck on their moorings due to a neap tide. The members had an evening of music and a meal to which we were invited.

We left early Sunday morning in very light winds. Ian, William and Len sailed towards Gurnard in search of a narrow creek Ian had spotted on Google Earth. I rowed up the Hamble to recover the boat before the ebb set in too fiercely.

A rewarding sail followed by a delightful evening at Ashlett. Many thanks to all who came. *CM*

Attended:

Ian & William Hylton	Shearwater Sailing Canoe
Len Wingfield	Woodnutt 14
Cliff Martin	Mirror
Also sailing locally:	
Alan Moulton	14ft Yachting World Dayboat

Bembridge, May 26-27, Cliff Martin

Attended:

David Sumner	Mirror	Curlew
Ian Hylton	Shearwater canoe	Astrid
William Hylton	"	" " "

Launched into Chichester Harbour but didn't attempt the crossing

Len Wingfield	Woodnutt 14	Bluey
Liz Baker	Cormorant	Tessa
Cliff Martin	Mirror	Daydream

Conditions on the Saturday weren't great. An easterly F5,6 or possibly 7, were forecast, although the winds were due to moderate in the evening. I launched from Warblington Road at lunchtime when the winds were at their peak and sailed to Itchenor. I was mostly close-hauled or tacking and very briefly dipped a gunwale

slightly a couple of times. By the time I reached Itchenor I'd had enough. I picked up a mooring for a snack at 1700h. I failed to recognise that the wind was easing as Itchenor is a very sheltered part of the harbour. I sailed down to East Head where I met Len who had also decided to stay inside. Liz joined us much later and we spent the night in Snowhill Creek.

Two boats made the crossing, both in the late afternoon or evening. The tide would have turned before they reached Bembridge but it seems off the wind they made good time even with the wind against tide conditions.

On the Sunday to make amends Len and I sailed the long way around Hayling Island at different times to recover our boats on the afternoon tide.

With a tinge of regret for not fulfilling my responsibilities as rally host.

Many thanks for all who made the effort and especially those who reached the planned destination. CM

We launched from Warblington hard at 1525 on Saturday. Quite blustery on the way down the Emsworth Channel but decided we would head

out and see what the Solent was like. Crossing the bar was a little choppy but largely due to the power boats.

Once clear of the harbour entrance the wind moderated to about an F3 and we had a very pleasant broad reach all the way to Bembridge, crossing in 1hr 15mins. We saw David's distinctive red gaff mainsail from quite some distance and joined him on the beach at Bembridge.

Left at 0830-ish on the Sunday and rode the ebb out of the harbour. There was not a breath of wind in the Solent and we furled sail and started paddling for the beach at Seaview to wait it out. This was the signal for the wind to fill in and we quickly set sail and enjoyed a brisk broad reach to Langstone, then under the bridge into Chichester Harbour.

We saw Len on his way to Langstone and Sarah on her Westerly (with Cliff's Mirror alongside) at its mooring. I thought we could make it back to Warblington, and although we did make it, I was up to my knees in mud for a while.

Thanks to Cliff for inspiring us all to get out there.

What is this about a lifeboat crewman? Ian Hylton
(Shearwater Canoe - Astrid)



Cliff Martin, Sarah Sorensen and Steve Bradwell on Fowley Island, March 10 daysail. ©Liz Baker

John Sharpe and Frank Dearden at Coniston with John's beautifully built Suffolk Beach Punt. ©KM

Frank's report on the May 12-13 rally at Coniston can be found on page 62, followed by other early summer rally reports that came to hand after these colour pages had been processed.



FREE COPY!

Like to see a complete issue of *Dinghy Cruising*?
If so we will email to you a pdf of a recent issue.
Email the Editor: keithmuscott@aol.com

Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts, is known for its steep, closely spaced chop caused by the relatively shallow water and strong tidal currents. Rowing into the chop is a bouncy, wet ride but predictable and manageable. There is a lot of spray but the boat will handle well and feel safe. One can slow boat speed if necessary when really rough to keep thing drier and with a shorter stroke can use the oars to keep the boat steady. A good boat with an experienced rower can go into really sloppy stuff without too much fuss.

But rowing downwind in a sea is, for me, one of the most challenging aspects of open water rowing, especially because I row a high performance wherry, designed to go fast and straight. The Monument Wherry was built to win races. She is not a good surfer, she is just too narrow and too deep. I put 2" of rocker in the bottom and raked both bow and stern stems severely, which I am sure gave away a little hull speed, hoping for a more easily handled boat. I think this helped but it did not completely eliminate the problem.

Rowing downwind with seas running steep and closely spaced demands concentration. The stern lifts and speed increases as the wave pushes the boat along and down its face. Dragging the oars, trying to slow the boat soon has the bow burying into the sea in front. Most of the time if it is hit straight on the boat continues on course, but without rowing with constant vigilance it can get a little crooked. Suddenly the bow is swerving off, the stern is coming around and the narrow hull, with little initial stability, is rolling and

Downhill Rowing Surfing at Scraggy Neck

By Jon Aborn

all the energy of the wave wants that narrow boat to be sideways with the lee side down. Trying to not slide across the seat and away from center makes things even worse. I have had a few heart-in-the-throat moments over the years going downwind where I thought maybe I shouldn't be out there, maybe this isn't fun and maybe the water is just a little too cold to be screwing around like this.

I am a cautious rower, I do not consider it acceptable to put myself in a situation where I need help. I was in the Coast Guard, I'm supposed to know better. I guess I don't want to embarrass myself beyond my usual method of embarrassment where I regularly row into things!

In the summer, when the water here is warm, I can be a little more adventurous but in the cold weather, rowing alone, I am careful. On windy days I plan my rowing so that the downwind leg is a more protected route. I can tuck in behind Bassett's Island or Tobys and Emmons Islands, depending on where I have launched, and row home in comfort. Looking at conditions and planning the route is part of the fun and challenge of rowing.

The tip of Scraggy Neck on the Bourne/Falmouth line is often a stopping point on the windward leg of my rows. With the strong tidal current it can be a messy little area.

Sometimes I can run in real close to shore and get out of some of the current, but more often it's the place to stop, rest on the oars for a minute and watch and wait for a lull to swing the boat around and head back.

Often the route back is close in along the backside of Scraggy Neck, which curves in a wide arc around and back toward the south and is protected from the prevailing wind. I'm not sure I understand why this happens but the seas flatten out a little and spread out as they bend around this backside. It doesn't happen always but it is always in the same spot and it can produce perfect conditions for surfing. I feel the stern lift slightly and the boat slides down the face of the wave, speed increasing. But I don't plow into the wave in front of me, I just keep going. I am skimming along with a wave that I can feel but hardly see, boat speed and wave speed synchronized.

A few quick strokes to keep straight and I am still going. A few more strokes, I'm still on the wave and it continues. A quick look forward to make sure there are no moored boats ahead (residents of Scraggy Neck have expensive boats)! Another half-stroke and still I slide downhill. It's not gonna end! Finally the wave passes under the hull and the stern sits down and the boat slows. On a good day there may be a second ride but that is it, I pass out of the zone and movement is dependent once again on me and the oars. It's not a big deal. It's just a neat little ride. I've done it hundreds of times and it's always fun and exciting. Pleasure in its purest and simplest form.

Rugged. Beautiful.

Combined with WEST SYSTEM 105 Epoxy Resin®, blush-free **207 Special Clear Hardener™** gives the discerning builder excellent wet-out, ideal cure times, superior strength and an unsurpassed water-clear finish.



WEST SYSTEM®

866-937-8797

www.westsystem.com

Day Seven

It was a week later, after a road trip to visit family, that I launched again, this time at the ramp on Shattuck Street in Lawrence on the south side of the river just above the dam, late in the afternoon. I didn't have to worry about the tide any more! It's a very fine ramp, with plenty of parking, but the entrance to the lot was closed by a huge one-bar steel gate which would have stopped a tank. I parked on the street, wheeled my boat under the gate and had the ramp all to myself.

I knew that Essex Rowing Club was based on this stretch of river, but still, I was surprised when three eights suddenly shot by, downstream, side by side at full speed. It's lucky I wasn't in their path! I continued up to the club (Fig 7A, a photo which I actually took the next day), where I stopped and chatted with the coach for a while. He said I was welcome to use their place to launch the next afternoon.

He said the eights I had passed must have been from Lawrence Community Rowing Club, which I didn't know existed, but I noticed their clubhouse on the south bank as I returned. Essex Rowing Club appears to be flourishing, about 150 members I was told, several coaches' launches and there were various crews of youngsters launching their eights enthusiastically as we were chatting.

Only 11km that day, but that's just an estimate, I forgot to take the GPS.



Fig 7A Essex Rowing Club.

Day Eight

For the next stretch George would join me, but the morning (when Essex Rowing Club would be closed and locked) was more convenient than the afternoon, so we met at and launched from a ramp at Norm's Bar on the north bank about halfway between the highway bridge and the rowing club, which I had noticed the previous day. George chose to bring his kayak and paddle rather than row so he could see where he was going. It was another beautiful calm morning. Rowing past Essex Rowing Club and behind the island, I went right under a heron (Fig 8A). Even on a tree branch, it prefers one leg to two!

The going was easy (Fig 8B), that's George in his kayak, until we got to Hunts Falls. The first part was not too bad, no more difficult than Mitchells Falls, but when I got into calm water I could see there was a second part, with lots of white water, around the bend. I waited in the dead water behind an



Fig 8B Below Hunts Falls, very tranquil.

Rowing on the Merrimack River and Some Observations from its Bank

Part 3

By Peter Jepson



Fig 8 A Heron.

island while George struggled mightily to get through the first part and catch up to me. Finally he succeeded and joined me in the little patch of calm, but he decided to decline my invitation to try the second part (Fig 8C).

I went for a spot near the north bank where there was no white to be seen (in the satellite picture, Fig 8B & 8C, as well as by looking over my shoulder). That means the greatest depth, so less danger of hitting rocks



Fig 8D: Hunts Falls, in two parts.

but probably the highest water speed as well. And it was moving! In the middle of it I was rowing at full power but hardly moving when I glanced at the bank.

But I didn't glance often, most of the time I was concentrating on my rowing. This was not like rowing at full power in a race in a shell on flat water, where every stroke is exactly the same. Here, with the water roaring through the V, I could not assume that the water level was the same on both sides, at the catch, nor did the handles pull through at the same speed since the water on one side was often moving faster than that on the other.

And a couple of times the bow got pushed to one side. I had to get it straight again quickly or I would have been on a rock, but if I had reduced power to correct course I would have been back where I started in a moment.

Anyway, finally I can say that Hunts Falls, which are just below the USGS monitoring point, are just rowable when the flow is 175 cubic metres per second. If the flow were greater, the speed of the current might be higher, and if the flow were less, the depth of water might be insufficient. I don't know and I don't care to find out. I got through!

After that I still had to row pretty hard to make decent progress against the current, under two bridges and into Lowell. Before the third bridge, which is just below the sharp bend in the river, there are more rapids, though not marked with any X's on the map (Fig 8D). I could possibly have rowed through them, but knowing that if I did I would not have been able to go much farther anyway, and spying a little beach on the north shore, I went ashore for a little while to stretch my legs and eat my cookies (Fig 8E).



Fig 8D This is as far as I went this day.



Fig 8E More mud than sand, but very welcome.

Fig 8C Hunts Falls, second part, not tranquil at all.



Rowing back was uneventful, I caught up with George again just before we got back to the starting point. Distance rowed, about 23km, but this is an estimate again because my GPS batteries gave up the ghost.

Day Nine

Then there were several days of rain again and the flow at the monitoring point went right back up to near the peaks reached after Irene and Lee, 825 cubic metres per second. The Lowell regatta on October 2 took place in miserable rainy, windy conditions. I stayed home that day.

But George and I were impatient to get back on the river again, and we'd gained a little confidence, so we met at an old ramp on the north bank of the river, just at the foot of Dunbar Avenue, the first launching place we could find above the Lowell dam, on the morning of October 6 when the flow was still 700.

We made sure we were completely ready to row before we pushed off, not wanting the thrill of riding over the dam, and set off upstream past Lowell Rowing Club where the regatta had been held a few days before. George was rowing rather than paddling and we found that we kept pace together quite well.

It was slow going against the current, although we kept close to the bank, particularly around the bend around an island. There is one X shown here on the map, there were no rocks to be seen nor any swirls worth mentioning, but the water was really fast in this area.

Our goal for this stretch was the Tyngsborough bridge, but we had to turn before we got there because we were limited for time. It didn't take long to get back, though! Total 14km with new batteries in the GPS.

Day Ten

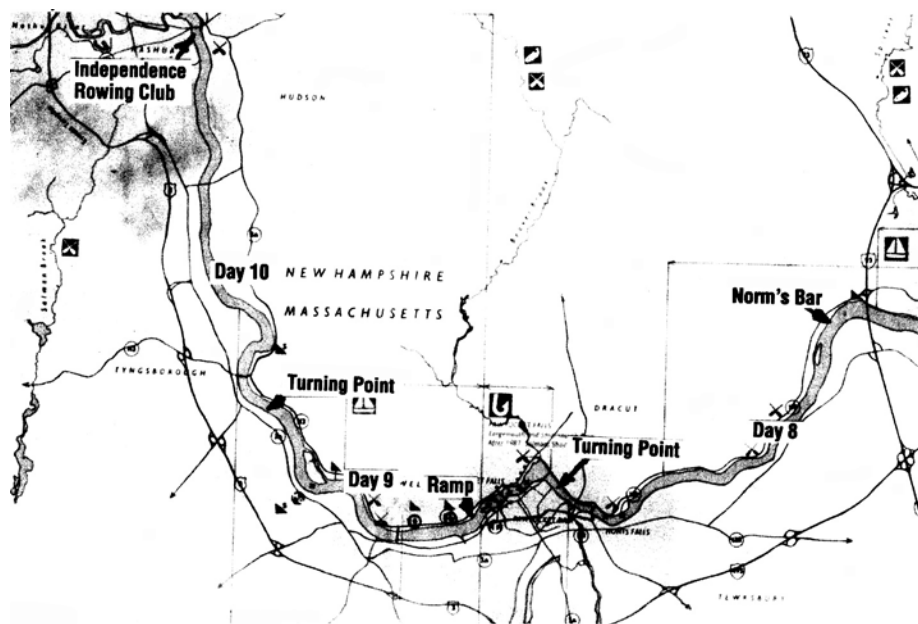
The next morning we drove up to Nashua to launch at the Independence Rowing Club which had kindly agreed to let us use their dock. IRC isn't as wealthy as the Essex or Lowell clubs, they don't have a boathouse, just some old trailers to store their boats in, but they sure have a nice piece of water to row on. The river is narrower this far up, though still plenty wide enough, and, with big trees all along both banks, it is well sheltered.

We set off downstream past some old bridge buttresses with a little mist still lingering on the water (Fig 10A) and I soon noticed that although the water was smooth and free from swirls, we were moving at over 13km/hr! Although the flow at Lowell had moderated somewhat (to 600) the water was moving even faster than we had experienced the day before.



Fig 10A Independence Rowing Club, Nashua.

We made it down to the turning point (Fig 10B) in just over an hour, but we didn't rest there for long because, even though the



Days Eight, Nine and Ten



Fig 10B Turning point, with Tyngsborough church in the distance.

current was slightly slower there than in Nashua, we were getting swept downstream fast. Getting back was a long, hard row. We found dead water spots near the bank where we could to keep out of the current, but sometimes the GPS read as low as 5km/hr.

In some spots the gradient in current with distance from bank was so great that I could feel my river side oar moving through the water faster than my bank side oar! But we finally made it back, sore all over, with 25km on the GPS, but 27 or 28 through the water.

Day Eleven

I found out somewhere that there was a boat ramp at Greeley Park, on the west bank just north of the centre of Nashua, so a week later, when George and I got our act together again, and this time we were joined by another friend, too, we went to Greeley Park to launch, since carrying our boats to the water at IRC had not been easy.

There were huge numbers of cars and people in Greeley Park, for some sort of kids' baseball jamboree, but after extricating ourselves from that melee we found that the way to the ramp is not through the main entrance to Greeley Park at all, it's at the bottom of Hills Ferry Road, further to the north. Once you get to a point you wouldn't possibly reach unless you knew exactly where you were going, there's a sign "Boat Ramp -->."

But as I was launching, I found that I had forgotten my rowing shoes. The heelcups on the footboard in the boat are very narrow and normal running shoes, a pair of which I was wearing while driving, don't fit, so I have a pair of lightweight canvas shoes that I always use for rowing. Without them, the bone at the back of my heel rubs on the cup.

I folded over my socks so I had three layers behind my heel, which helped a little, but the pain from the rubbing rather ruined this day's row. The worst thing was that the pain got worse when I stopped rowing to take a break!

It was a nice enough stretch of river, though, we found as we headed upstream on a calm but rather grey morning with a notably reduced current. The map shows Cromwells Falls, but when I got there it wasn't hard to row up through. Opposite Cromwells Falls, it indicates "19th C. Lock and Canal Ruins" but I couldn't see any such as I rowed, nor could I a few weeks later when I returned on foot to explore the west bank.

Even so, I took a photo of the river, Fig 11A, and another of the rail line, Fig 11B. The rails run alongside the river all the way up this stretch. I turned shortly above Cromwells Falls, under a power line, and on returning downstream went past Greeley Park, down almost to the road bridge and the IRC where we had launched previously before turning again and returning to the ramp. Total, 14km.

Fig 11A Looking upstream just above Cromwells Falls.

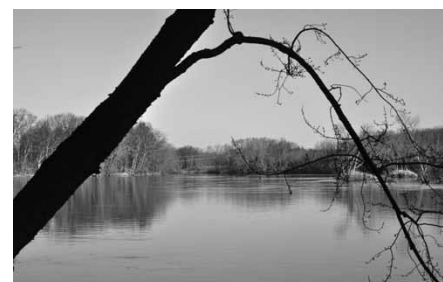




Fig 11B Straight as straight can be.

As soon as I got home, I made a checklist of everything I should have with me when I left the house on future days. It consisted of:

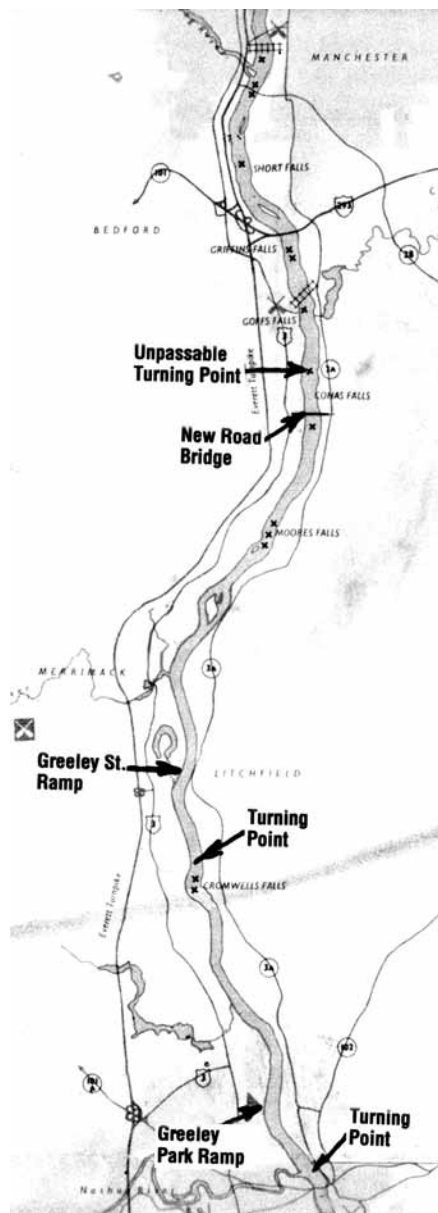
- The shoes
- Spare shirt (because after rowing my shirt was soaked with sweat, and without one I had to drive home either with sweat soaking into the seat, or bare from the waist up)
- Bailing bucket and sponge
- Camera* and lens* (whichever of my two lenses was not on the camera)
- Water and cookies*
- Headband and mirror
- Life jacket
- GPS, mounting nut, spare batteries*
- Map (to keep the original NOAA and MRWC maps in good condition, I photo-copied sections and took one of those copies with me, folded up and in the pocket of my life jacket for easy access)
- Launching dolly, and the two bungee cords which hold it on to the boat
- WD40 (for the wheels on the slide under the seat and the oarlocks) and rag
- Watch
- Wallet (which I hid in the car while I was on the water)
- Three bungee cords and a rag (to secure the oars in the boat for the road without any fretting)
- Painter
- Vaseline (for a part of my body which got rubbed sore without it, and for the oar sleeves)
- Boat fender (to put under the boat if I had to drag it over rocks)
- Sealable bag in which to put items marked* and my car keys
- Plus, of course, clothing for all possible weather.

It's a wonder that the boat still floated.

Day Twelve

For the next stretch, I did not know of anywhere to launch, so I went on a recce, driving up and down the roads that follow both sides of the river. I had stopped countless times to explore ways down to the river without any success, but when the road on the east side got very close to the river in Litchfield, right by the fire station and church, I stopped again and got out to take a look, but the bank all along that stretch was 10m high, very steep and heavily wooded.

Glancing across to the other bank, I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw a



Days Eleven and Twelve

launching ramp! I noted the latitude on my GPS, drove down to Nashua to cross the river and back up the western side.

To get to the ramp, Fig 12A, turn down Greeley Street (there's that name Greeley again), which is just opposite Continental Boulevard, turn left at the T-junction at the bottom, then sharp right down a track under the railway, past a field used by a model airplane club, over the outlet from Horseshoe Pond and on down a sandy lane.



Fig 12A Greeley Street Ramp and Litchfield Church.

So a few days later I set off downstream while George, in his kayak which was slower than my rowing boat, set off upstream. I soon found myself under the power lines above Cromwells Falls and turned there. I went back up past the ramp and caught up with George near the islands marked on the map. Fig 12B shows them, looking downstream. The passage we took, between them, is not so clear but is in the middle of the photo.



Fig 12B Islands below Moores Falls.

We went on together up to Moores Falls and found it was rather a long set of rapids. George declined to try it, but I kept on going. As I went up, trying to spot the best route, avoiding the rocks and white water, in my mirror, while continuing to row at full pressure, I found myself going more and more slowly but still making progress until, at one point, I stopped completely.

Although I was rowing hard, the rock beside me was staying exactly where it was. I let myself be pushed to one side a bit, no better. A bit to the other side, towards the rock, no better there either. The water appeared calmer not far ahead and I didn't want to give up after getting so far.

So I changed into one higher gear, one that I knew I could only maintain for a minute or so. But it did the trick, that damn rock that I knew so well by then started to move backwards and I made it into the calmer water, but it was still moving fast! I angled over to the bank, and managed to grab hold of an overhanging branch to take a breather.

By this time I must have been rowing in these rapids for 20 minutes! Keeping the boat from getting swung sideways (I could not have held on if it had) was another challenge. I had to keep rowing with the hand which wasn't holding the branch! After five minutes or so I was ready to go again and I managed to avoid the last danger, getting swept down into the rapids again before I got the bank side oar out and gained some upstream speed.

Fig 12C was taken by George while I was rowing hard going nowhere, it looks as though I have just been turned by the current and I should be pulling on my port oar to get straight again, at this point, and Figs 12D and E were taken from the east bank a few weeks later.

The map shows that there are lock or canal remains remains here, too, but I couldn't find any. I started to wonder how one would set about building a navigable channel in this sort of situation, where the banks are steep and solid rock.

Eventually I figured that what I might do is build a wall in the river parallel to, and a canal's width away from, one bank (whichever bank had the fewer big rocks near it), stretching from just above the rapids to just below them. Then I would build a lock at the downstream end of the channel I had created so the water in the canal would be at the higher level and deep enough to take the river craft.

Easier said than done, particularly if I was in the 19th century and had no power equipment to help me. I am much more amazed at what was built in the 19th century (and in the case of European cathedrals, way earlier than that) than what has been built since then.



Fig 12C Moores Falls.



Fig 12E I rowed up through here, it deserves three photos.

On the east side of the river, incidentally, there are some picturesque trails through the woods. The parking spot and entrance are easy to miss, except that they are just about under some power lines. Fig 12F was taken on a path near the river, the main road at one time long ago, I suspect, and Fig 12G shows a tree on the bank high above the river.



Fig 12F Path down to Moores Falls.

Fig 12G Tree with dissipated youth.



I rowed on, and soon encountered the first part of Conas Falls, which were easy, then went under the road, which had just been constructed as access to Manchester Airport. The bridge is already rusty! Soon after I reached the second part of Conas Falls and here, alas, I found I had met my match (Fig 12H).

I went up behind the submerged island in the photo, but when I stuck the bow out from behind it I couldn't stop the boat getting turned and swept downstream. Then I tried a full frontal assault, but soon found myself going nowhere with what looked like the fastest spot still ahead. I was pretty tired by then, too.

So I stopped and allowed myself to be swept downstream out of the rapids. There was much less white water here than in Moores Falls, but the river was narrower and the speed of the current was just too high.

So I enjoyed a leisurely row back downstream, turning around and going back down Moores Falls stern first so I could see all the rocks and avoid them. Total that day, 23km, and getting the boat out of the water and onto the trailer was hard work at the end of it.

Fig 12H Conas Falls.



Fig. 12D Moores Falls again.



Fig 12I Goffs Falls.

Between Days Twelve and Thirteen

Not far above Conas Falls is Goffs Falls, Fig 12I, which I had scouted earlier from Moores Crossing Road and definitely are not rowable. The railroad crosses the river over Goffs Falls and continues north along the river, but now on the east bank.

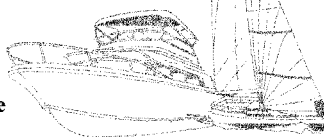
From the bridge, I could look north and see Griffins Falls, which looked pretty ominous, too, and from there upstream through Manchester there is one set of rapids after another and no launching place that I could find anyway. So I gave this stretch (about 10km) a miss, by far the longest stretch of the river which I didn't row, and began again just above Amoskeag Dam.



By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com

- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale



- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: info@by-the-sea.com



World Record Kayak Train

By Dave Lucas



I promised you a world record kayak train and here it is. We had 28 boats tied together behind *Chelsea*. It was a great day and something we'll talk about for a while. Ernie and Donna were in *Beauty Berry*, the safety boat, and had to rescue two fallouts on the way back home. I think the beer may have gotten to them.

This doesn't need much comment except how we got this long train hooked up and off the beach. The guy walking out across the lagoon was me. I started with the first boat and started walking out into the wind and as they came off the beach the next one was tied on. It worked very well, the line was pretty easy to pull. We figure that this train of boats was about 750' long. I made it out to the sand bar where I tied on to *Chelsea* with Steve and Lenna and the dogs inside. I waited on the bar for my kayak to come by, some of the gang gave me beers for my effort.

I'd think this would be done more often but it's not been, maybe never. Mentioning getting a tow to a kayaker always brings a response something like, "we do this for the exercise," or "I like the calm and quiet" or any number of other reasons, all of which are valid and acceptable. I have to admit that this particular "train" was a little extreme but when I put the word out that we were going to set the "world's record for the longest kayak train pulled by a Briggs & Stratton lawnmower powered *African Queen* looking towboat," there was no stopping the flood of truly warped kayakers who wanted to know what the hell I was talking about.

You should have seen the looks I got when I said that no paddling would happen and tried to get them leave their paddles on shore and that once hooked up they could not be unhooked. That one got the most comment until we said to think about it. Ever tried to untie a line from the front or back of a kayak while you're in it?

We've done this lots of times with fewer boats and it is really fun. Leave it to a bunch of old retired guys to find an easy way to kayak. We're still sitting in our little boat enjoying the sights and sounds of nature while slipping smoothly through the water. It's really relaxing and since we're not paddling we can look around, take pictures and actually see more of what's out there than if we were struggling to go against the wind with our muscles burning and our heart pounding and our lungs, well you know.



The towboat has to go about the same speed as one would normally paddle so it's not noisy or making much of a wake. A train of about ten boats is ideal for this, even in narrow twisty rivers. The kayaks follow exactly in the wake of the towboat. You'd think they would try to cut the corner or crack the whip, but they don't. The first time we did this we expected disaster and had quick release knots to let go when death approached. After a few timid turns Howard, who was driving, did some tight U-turns and we all stayed in one wake. He made one turn around a crab pot buoy as tight as he could and no one hit it, this while pulling a string of 14 kayaks.

The reason for doing this kind of thing is to go out with a group consisting of some novice paddlers and go a long way to see the scenery. Let's say you're always telling your mother or Aunt Margaret about how much fun kayaking is or your nerdy brother-in-law who won't leave the house or most any normal person. You'll never get them in a kayak, let alone have them paddle for four miles, probably against the wind and current. Hell, you can't get me to do that and I'm not even normal.

Now imagine seating Aunt Margaret in a nice stable \$300 plastic kayak, the kind you rent, something you wouldn't be caught dead in but one that will never turn over. Give her a big hat, cool drink and camera and tow her and her bridge group up a beautiful scenic little river, taking in the sights and sounds and smells of nature. It'll be one of the highlights of their lives. I've done this lots of times and it really is just like that, especially if the turnaround point is a quaint little waterfront restaurant.

However, DO NOT attempt to tow a string of kayaks that's so long you can't see the end. Leave that to the professional crazy boatnuts, like me and Steve and Stan. You can see from the pictures that this is a long, long line of boats. We had 28 boats tied bow

to stern behind *Chelsea* that stretched out over a distance of 750' feet. They always talk about "football fields," that's two-and-a-half football fields long. Think about the logistics of doing that. The wind was blowing onshore so we had to hold the boats off as we tied them together or they would've blown into the bushes.

In these 28 boats there were 30 people (two were doubles) who were as interested in drinking beer and talking to each other as getting going. And we've already established that this bunch was not what you'd call your normal, rational people. If they were they would've been home watching college football. We thought about having Steve anchor out with a long line but in the end I just tied the first two boats together, yelled, "man your boats" and starting walking out across the lagoon. It's only about four feet deep. As I pulled Stan tied boats on and pushed people in. It didn't take long to get this herd of cats going because I didn't stop walking and the boats kept going out.

At one point when I was about a hundred yards out and up to my armpits in water and getting stuck in the muck I had doubts about the wisdom of this plan. Way back in the distance I could see that more than half the boats were still on the beach and it was getting hard to pull. Luckily about then is when I started to come up on the sand bar and I knew I could make it. Stan tied my boat on somewhere in the back and he was going to be last until some more showed up and quickly tied on behind him. My job was over and I just had to stand on the sand bar until my boat came by, accepting beer from passing boats.

The reasons you shouldn't try to break our record are, you don't have a Briggs & Stratton lawnmower powered *African Queen* type towboat, our river is wide and protected and has very little boat traffic (only one boat came by and he slowed down so as not to tip

anyone). We did have one person fall out of her boat because she didn't listen to me and brought her paddle. It caught in the water when she was reaching around for a beer and it tipped her. Ernie and Donna were there in the rescue boat to pull her out. There's always one, isn't there?

Afterwards everyone stayed for lunch at the tiki hut and had a wonderful bonding experience. The adrenalin was flowing and we all talked like we were long lost friends. I was especially grateful for all the hugs and kisses I got.

So it's official, this Saturday's kayak train set a new world record. The old record of 17 boats was eclipsed this week and a new record will go in the books. All our top officials from the "International Briggs & Stratton Powered Old Timey *African Queen* Type Boats Towing a String of Kayaks and Canoes Association" were on hand to verify results and document the record. President "Crazy" Steve operated the tow boat while President Dave observed for irregularities and President Stan the Man brought up the rear to stop cheating.



Neil Armstrong's cremated remains were dropped at an unknown location into the Atlantic Ocean during a Navy burial at sea military service aboard the guided-missile cruiser *USS Philippine Sea*.

The ship's master was not included when the crew of the wrecked cruise ship *Costa Concordia* was awarded Lloyd's List "Seafarer of the Year" award for 2012 for displaying "true examples of courage and professionalism" during the dangerous night evacuation of the ship.

Opening of the widened Panama Canal in 2015 will lead to "fierce" competition among US ports for inbound containers but should present opportunities for increasing exports. But probable after effects from a possible longshoremen's strike at East and Gulf Coast container ports next year are already causing shippers to review their plans on how to best use the Canal.

US crude oil and product imports hit the lowest levels in a decade but tanker exports of products were booming.

About every three days a cargo vessel, tanker, or passenger ship is involved in an accident somewhere in the Baltic Sea. Last year 121 ships ran aground, collided, caught fire or were involved in some other type of mishap.

An international tug company cited lower volumes of shipping and increased costs as reasons for upping towage fees at one Australian port by a whopping 54%. (The tug company has no competitors at that port.)

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships went aground for various reasons: Off Valencia, the smallish container ships *Celia* and *BSLE Sunrise* dragged their anchors and went aground in a violent rainstorm with heavy swell and wind gusts to 77km/h (about 48mph).

At New Orleans, authorities notified anchored ships that their rudders may have set into the soft mud near the riverbanks while swinging at anchorage but no damage to steering apparatus was anticipated. Blamed were low water conditions on the Mississippi.

At Finnsnesrenna in Norway, the small *Straumvik* carrying 380 tons of salmon and a crew of four ran aground after passing the fairway light on the wrong side. It suffered a gash in a ballast tank. The news account did not specify whether the salmon were alive or dead.

Ships hit things, including other ships: It is embarrassing when your car hits a police vehicle so imagine the feelings on the Canadian laker *John D. Leitch* when it struck a pier and a Lorain County Sheriff's Office boat while traveling the Black River near Lorain, Ohio. Breathalyzer tests of the captain and crewmembers were negative.

Fires and explosions, of course: Welding sparked a fire that killed five crewmen and a fireman on a tanker possibly named the *Shun Cheng* while it was anchored in the Gulf of Tonkin off Vietnam.

Fire broke out in a container carrying hazardous and toxic substances so the *Amsterdam Bridge* was moved to the outer anchorage at Mumbai Port for some serious firefighting. Most of the ship-based conflagration was extinguished within three days but containers smoldered on for at least another month.

A major fire ravaged the New Zealand-based fishing vessel *Amaltal Columbia* at sea



Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

but the vessel was safely towed into Lyttelton. A female kitchen assistant said, "It hasn't been the best day. I think I need a cuddle."

Seamen died: About 40 miles off South Devon, the master of the German-owned coaster *Krempertor* went down into a hold to investigate an alarm that was sounding. He died of injuries suffered in a fall there. Police treated the accident as "avoidable."

About 900km east of Japan, the 119-ton tuna fishing vessel *Horiei* was run down by the 25,000-ton bulkier *Nikkei Tiger*. The larger vessel could find only 9 of 22 fishermen.

The smallish sand-carrying *Fairland* ran aground in the Demerara (think run because that's where it comes from) River in eastern Guyana. During efforts to free the ship, it was necessary to move a crane and a hydraulic line burst, causing the crane's boom to fall and hit a plank that struck the chief mate on his leg. He fell, fatally hitting his head.

Other nasty things happened: At the Port of Indiana, the laker *Algoma Transport* was unloading 26,000 tons of iron ore concentrate onto a pier when it started cracking and collapsing. Loading stopped.

In the south China port of Gaolan, while being unloaded from the semi-submersible heavy lift ship *Zhen Hua 12*, a 1,700-ton unloader fell into the water and hit the ship, punching two holes in its hull. Mis-ballasting of the ship as the unloader was being moved ashore was the probable cause. The unloader may have been one of seven coal unloaders recently bought by the port.

People were rescued: In the South China Sea, the tug *Swiber Charlton* spotted and picked up a floating Thai fisherman. Little else is known except his name was Montr Srirak and he summed up his gratitude by saying, "I am thankful that *Swiber Charlton* saved my life. Everyone treated me well."

In Alaska, a forward deployed Coast Guard helicopter took a male with heart attack symptoms off the *Harvey Spirit*, a 245' offshore supply boat some 134 miles west of Barrow.

Off Cornwall, a lone yachtsman fell off the *Regulus* but he had a personal electronic locator beacon on him and was picked up by a Royal Navy helicopter an hour later.

In South Carolina, in Charleston harbor, a Coast Guard small boat took a crewman off the geared bulkier *Clipper Tenacious* after he started suffering abdominal pains as the ship neared port.

On the other side of the world in the Java Sea, the bulkier *Clipper Mayflower* picked up two injured survivors of a sunken immigrant boat and later received praise for its role as onsite communications coordinator. The remaining 78 survivors were picked up by Australian defense vessels and taken to Christmas Island for sorting out. (One might assume the two *Clippers* are fleetmates but the *Mayflower* is Danish owned and the *Tenacious* is owned out of Nassau. Both are Bahamas flagged, however.)

Gray Fleets

Newswise, airships were "in" last month. Three items! The US Navy is back into operating blimps, well, at least one blimp. The East Coast based non-rigid airship *MZ-3A* is a manned platform for testing sensors (spelled "censors" in one news account!) that could be used on a future US Army airship. (The US Army ordered "up to three" of Northrop Grumman's Long Endurance Multi-intelligence Vehicles (LEMV) in a \$517m deal in 2010. They should see service in Afghanistan this year.)

Finally, the Royal Navy was briefed on possible British built airships for surveillance and supply carrying. At only £50 million each and filled with an explosion proof 60% helium/40% air mix, an airship could carry 150 commandos and their boats or 50 tonnes of supplies. Best of all, it could even be remotely operated as a drone.

The CO of the nuclear submarine *USS Pittsburgh* was relieved of command of the sub a week after taking command. He had dumped his mistress by sending her an email from a fictitious fellow worker saying he had unexpectedly died. She learned the truth when she visited his former residence to offer condolences and was told he had moved to Connecticut to take command of a submarine. Charges included dereliction of duty, adultery and unbecoming conduct.

The US Navy awarded a \$94 million contract for advance planning and preliminary execution of fire restoration efforts on *USS Miami*. The sub was damaged in a fire in May while it was drydocked at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard in Kittery, Maine, and estimates of repair costs are currently at the \$650 million level.

The US Military Sealift Command uses civilians to operate many noncombat Navy and governmental vessels. Most MSC ships can be identified by the USNS prefix to their names but four retain the USS prefix and remain in commission because they have US Navy Captains in charge. They are the submarine tenders *USS Frank Cable* and *USS Emory S. Land*, the command ship *USS Mount Whitney* and the newly created Afloat Forward Staging Base (Interim) *USS Ponce*.

The Royal Navy's Sea King helicopters will be taken out of service in 2016, leaving as much as a four-year gap in airborne early warning capability until 2020 when replacement airborne surveillance and control helicopters should become operational.

The Iranian *Kilo*-class attack submarine *Tareq* needed repairs but the original Russian builders declined the work (no comment) so Iranian personnel repaired the radars, pneumatic and compressor systems, pumps, engines, telecommunications and other systems.

Delivery to the Indian Navy of the aircraft carrier *INS Vikramaditya* (formerly the Russian Navy's *Admiral Gorshkov*) has been deferred yet again to October 2013. On sea trials, seven out of eight boilers providing propulsion steam were defective. Why, one may ask? Read on!

According to a Russian spokesman, India had refused to use asbestos as a means to protect the boilers from heat, fearing that the material was dangerous for the crew and the boilers' designer had to use firebrick, which proved not sufficiently heatproof. (Firebrick is used to line boilers and asbestos is used externally to keep heat in pipes and people from being burned by hot surfaces.)

In spite of Congressional disapproval, the US Navy is dead set on achieving non-dependence on fossil fuels. Two examples: US Navy scientists are hot on the trail of making fuel from seawater. Extract carbon dioxide and hydrogen gas from seawater and then use catalysts to convert them into J5 jet fuel. (J5 has been proposed as the energy source for all Navy operations, including fighter jets as well as shipboard boilers, diesels and marine gas turbines.)

One drawback to the process is that producing the hydrogen "requires nearly 60% of the amount of energy that would be stored in the liquid hydrocarbon fuel" but nuclear powered ships could produce a lot of electricity and seawater is cheap.

And is the unused runway on Ford Island at Pearl Harbor a significant historical site that should be preserved as a memorial to December 7, 1941, or can it be used as the site of a 60,000 panel solar panel farm? The runway and the rest of Ford Island were designated a National Historic Landmark in 1964 but the Navy says, "it is an inactive space that is ideally located and sized" and it is "critically important to achieving renewable energy mandates."

White Fleets

Several cruise lines eliminated planned calls at North African ports because of Muslim protests about an anti-Islamic film posted on the internet.

In Maine, a cruise ship tender carrying 93 passengers from the cruise ship *Celebrity Summit* ran abruptly aground at night on a remote shoal off Bar Harbor. The whale-watch boat *Bay King III* and the pilot boat *Frenchman Bay* took off the passengers and two crewmembers.

In Vietnam, five Taiwanese tourists heading back to their ship died when their tender named *Paradise* collided with the tourist boat *Dong Phong 02*. Thirteen other tourists survived their expulsion from paradise.

In Bermuda, passengers watched mooring lines snap as 45kt winds (52mph) pushed the *Norwegian Star* into the *Explorer of the Seas* at the next berth. Two tugs eventually pushed the *Norwegian Star* back into position. Both vessels suffered some hull damage. (Two of Bermuda's three government tugs were recently out of service.)

Off Portugal, the *Queen Victoria* suffered problems in one propulsion unit so the cruise ship headed for Bremerhaven for repairs that would enable it to achieve the speeds required on its next cruise.

A Portuguese cruise company went into bankruptcy when three of its five ships were arrested and those arrests stranded at least 550 Ukrainian, Indonesian and Portuguese seafarers without their pay. The 1948-built *Athena* was originally the Swedish *Stockholm* that infamously collided with the Italian liner *Andrea Doria* in 1956. The *Princess Danae* was converted from the cargo liner *Port Melbourne*, and in September this year the Yugoslavian-built *Arion*, although highly rated by some passengers, was named the "worst-performing small cruise ship" among 300 cruise ships.

Those That Go Back and Forth

At Hong Kong off Lamma Island, the "ferry turned into excursion boat for a night" *Lamma IV* and the ferry *Sea Smooth* collided although the night was clear. The damaged ferry continued on, its master fearing it might

sink. The other, smaller vessel was holed in its engine room and quickly sank stern first with only its bow thrusting upwards above water. It had been chartered to take company employees and their families to watch fireworks celebrating China's National Day and 37 of them died while 100-plus were taken to local hospitals. (A nine-year-old later died of her injuries.) Crewmembers from both vessels were arrested and even the highest levels of disciplined Hong Kong were upset and stunned by the rare accident.

On the Mahakam River in Indonesia's portion of Borneo island the wooden ferry-boat *Surya Indah* carrying 97 crew and passengers upstream hit a log and sank. Twenty-two people died and at least 14 others were missing. "The ship was made in 2001 and is really seaworthy. According to the boat manifest, the passengers only numbered 40 and there were 10 tons of goods," explained port official. But other reports said 112 people may have been on board.

Off Sumatra, the ro-ro/pax *Bahuga Jaya* sank after colliding with the LPG-carrying *Norgas Cathinka*. The tanker left the scene because its master thought leaking gas might cause a catastrophic explosion and fire. Eight died, 207 were rescued and the master and chief officer of the *Norgas Cathinka* were accused of negligence. The accident led to increased calls for a bridge connecting Java and Sumatra.

In New Zealand, a ferry serving Waiheke Island inadvertently surged forward (a crew at the throttle goof) and the gangway broke, leaving a man dangling off the bow and in the water. Luckily his four-year-old son wasn't involved.

The new freight ferry *Huelin Dispatch* touched bottom hard enough to cause leaks. It was on its maiden voyage from Southampton to the Channel Islands.

Legal Matters

Arresting a nation's largest sail training vessel in a foreign country will get attention. That happened to the Argentine Navy's square-rigged *Libertad* in Ghana. The court order was sought by creditors suing Argentina in international courts after Argentina declared a world record sovereign debt default during an economic meltdown a decade ago. Bondholders want to recover the full value of the defaulted bonds and have sought to freeze state assets. The *Libertad* qualified as such.

Nature

Although fishing was stopped three years ago, sonar surveys by an experienced fisherman revealed that the fish populations of tilapia and sardines in the Sea of Galilee (aka Lake Kinneret) have risen to "very optimistic" levels.

Could rising sea temperatures be melting methane hydrates which remain frozen in a seabed under very low temperatures and very high pressures? Scientists investigated methane vents near Spitzbergen and decided that at least some of the gas outlets had been active for a long time since carbonate deposits, which form when microorganisms convert the escaping methane, were found on the vents.

Metal-Bashing

What keeps some ships afloat? You might be surprised. After 51 years of distinguished service, *USS Enterprise* (CVN 65)

will be decommissioned later this year. One of its nuclear power plant engineers walked under the ship while it was drydocked during a midlife extension program many years ago. Intrigued by something sticking down, he discovered that someone had sealed a hull opening with a wooden plug. It may still be there.

The 31-year-old former Royal Navy flagship *HMS Ark Royal* was sold to a Turkish scrap metal firm for £3 million. Alternative bids that would have turned the warship into a diving reef, a helipad in the Thames, a museum or a casino were "judged either not feasible or appropriate, or carried too much risk." The *Ark Royal* was withdrawn from service last year, five years early as part of sweeping military cutbacks

Imports

A boat carrying illegal emigrants sank halfway to its destination of Lampedusa Island and Italian authorities arrested two survivors, probably the master and his assistant. That particular tragedy triggered creation of an investigative committee. On it are Italy's Minister of the Interior and Tunisia's Minister of Foreign Affairs. (Lampedusa has become illegal immigrants' entry to Europe and thousands of illegals are camping out on the island.)

Odd Bits

Six British and Australian adventurers will attempt to authentically re-enact Sir Ernest Shackleton's incredible boat voyage from Elephant Island to South Georgia, followed by the difficult crossing of its mountainous interior. Their 22½' (6.86-metre long) boat is a precise replica of the *James Caird*.

Her crew will also endure the hardships of that age, wearing clothing of the time. (How "authentic" can the replica voyage really be? If memory serves, the *Caird*'s cockpit held only three and that meant Shackleton's off-duty men spent many hours below shivering in slimy, mouldering reindeer skin sleeping bags awash in the bilgewater and with loose reindeer hairs everywhere including in their food and mouths. And when it came time to climb, they improvised mountain climbing boots by carefully inserting small brass screws into the soles of their leather boots.)

Head-Shakers

One sometimes wonders at the ads created by advertising agencies and reviewed and paid for by their clients. Take, for example, the current ad by an engine maker. The headline reads, "Go with the generator that works as hard as you do." The illustration shows four fishermen, seated and standing but all idly staring back at the FV's turbulent wake.



25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



ELCO "TWENTY-SIX"

THE WESTON FARMER LEGACY

Over the past couple of years we have been able to publish reprints of some old time articles on messing about in boats, written by Weston Farmer, N.A. Farmer spent his life in boats, first working at boatbuilding and then as a designer, and writer. A collection of his best material was published a few years ago by International Marine, entitled, "From My Old Boatshop". This book is now out of print we have heard.

This good stuff has been sent to us by Weston's son, M.W., who also goes by the name, Wes. He and his mother continue to have available much of Weston Farmer's creative work, many plans, article reprints, etc. A recent, and particularly attractive design they have available is the Elco 26, a reworking of plans for this original 1926 Elco cabin cruiser found in Farmer's collected papers after his death. Wes (the younger) explains it all here, and on the following pages we take a nostalgia trip back to 1929 when summertime motorboating for "everyman" (in inboard cabin cruisers) was already a dream.

"During World War II the famous line of Elco stock cruisers was shut down and the Elco production line was used to produce the 77' Elco PT boat. All of the plans for the stock boats were stored in a



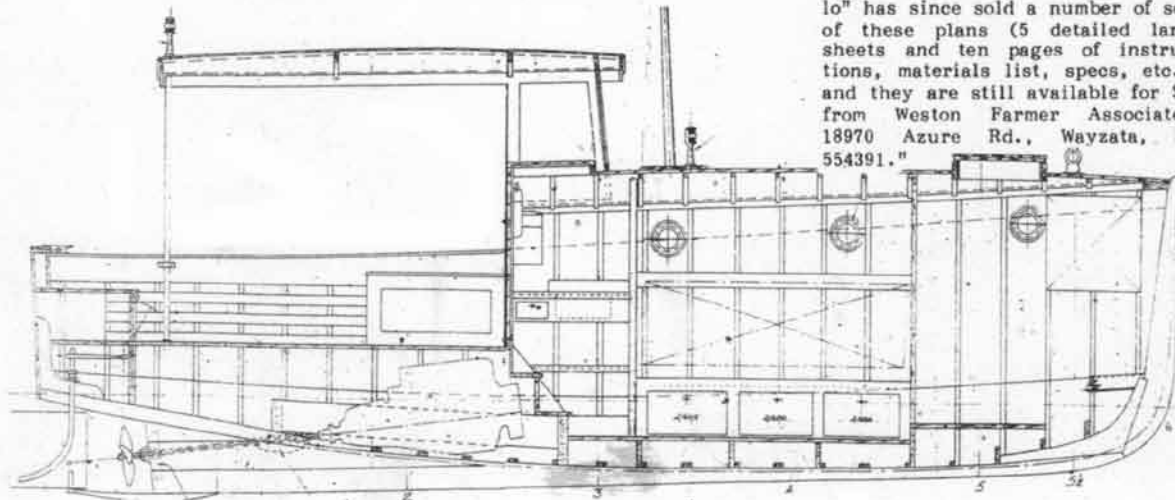
"safe" place in one of the buildings in the complex.

E. Weston Farmer, N.A., was working for Elco during the early war years, but was presented the opportunity to become one of the chief designers at Annapolis Yacht Yard, Annapolis, MD, which was gearing up to produce the 70' American version of the English Vosper Victory PT boat. It was being redesigned to accept American engines (1100hp Packard or Allison), three for full power, with Mercury V-8 conversions (two, the automobile engines, not outboards) for quiet patrolling; and for 18" American torpedo tubes rather than the two 21" English torpedo tubes.

I can remember the thrill of being invited out on the prototype boat in Chesapeake Bay for trial runs. We would cruise quietly on the heavily muffled dual Mercury engines, and when the three big Allisons fired up suddenly to full, unmuffled power, roaring from exhaust pipes that looked like the Holland Tunnel to me, WOW! A ride down the Chesapeake in excess of 50 knots!

During the 1940's the "safe" building at Elco burned down, and most of the plans carefully stored away therein were destroyed. However, one set had ended up in dad's files, the Elco 26, one of their most popular stock boats, designed for "everyman". However, this set of plans was somewhat battered, but dad took them along when he moved his family from Bayonne, NJ, to Annapolis, travelling down the inland waterway in the 34' Elco Cruisette he'd bought out of storage for \$400!

After dad died, my mother, "Bylo", began to get inquiries from interested Elco buffs who had read in his book, "From My Old Boatshop" of dad's tenure at Elco and of his still having some old Elco plans in his files. Since the plans for the 26 were in tough shape, a friend, Tom Beard, redrew them, doing a beautiful job, creating a table of offsets which had been lost apparently from the originals. "Bylo" has since sold a number of sets of these plans (5 detailed large sheets and ten pages of instructions, materials list, specs, etc.), and they are still available for \$60 from Weston Farmer Associates, 18970 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 554391."





Elco Boating



PUBLISHED MONTH TO MONTH BY THE ELCO WORKS, BAYONNE, N. J. . . . MAY, 1929

The Elco Twenty-Six

IT is now four years since the first of these excellent little cruisers was delivered from Bayonne. Since then several hundred have been placed in service until now the Twenty-Six vies with the Cruisette in popularity. The success of these boats has borne out our belief that a small, inexpensive, but thoroughly practical cruiser would be met with general approval. About the same time the Elco Twenty-Six was placed in the market a number of other builders announced similar boats which sold for about the same price. It is significant that the Elco Twenty-Six is the only one now surviving, in fact, the only one of which more than a few have been built.

The model has undergone a considerable development since her inception. The first boat was offered at a price about a thousand dollars less than the present type, but the equipment was of the sketchiest and a four-cylinder motor was installed. Experience gradually showed what equipment was always purchased at extra cost and these items were added from year to year with a corresponding increase in price. A year ago the present six-cylinder motor was made standard. The current model is a very complete and comfortable little boat which is regularly furnished with the equipment essential to her operation.

The feature of the Twenty-Six which never fails to draw forth comment from those unfamiliar with the boat is the great amount of useful space in both cabin and cockpit. Within her overall length of 25 feet and 11 inches, she has more cabin and more cockpit than many boats ten feet longer. She will cruise four comfortably, sleeping them in the cabin, and there are two cases on record of owners cruising for three-week periods with seven people, the extra three



A good-looking, practical, small cruiser—the Elco Twenty-Six

being berthed on cots in the cockpit. For day sailing there is easily room for eight or ten.

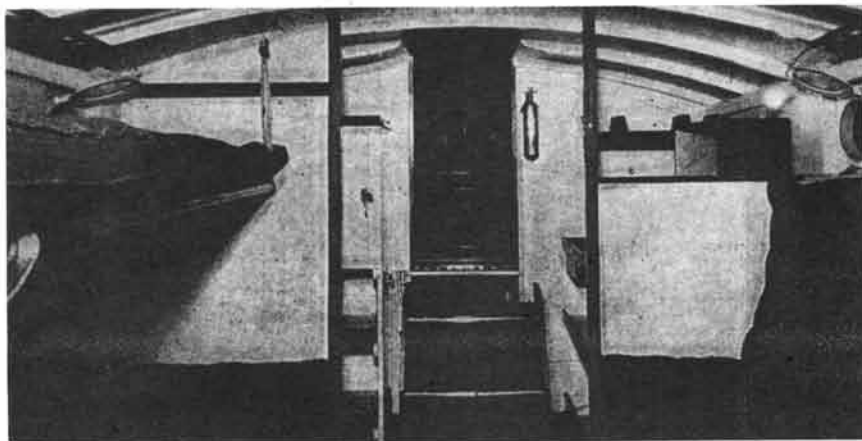
The trim and fittings of the little boats have been kept as simple as is consistent with usefulness and a yachty appearance. The purchase price all goes to buy boat and not fancy trimmings. This is partly responsible for the low cost. The other reason is that the boats are built in large quantities, all alike, instead of being built a few at a time and subject to variations.

In seaworthiness the Elco Twenty-Six is the peer of any boat of her length. She will come through the most trying conditions without shipping green water and in perfect safety. A small boat, naturally, is more active in her motions than a large one, but the sea-keeping qualities of the Twenty-Six

have been demonstrated repeatedly and often bring owners into Port Elco to talk of the blows they have successfully weathered with their boats. The raised deck hull form of the boat helps to keep the boat dry. It is the strongest type and in a small boat gives a little extra room below decks. In addition, it is less expensive than the trunk cabin and therefore helps in keeping the price down.

The propeller shaft arrangement is a noteworthy feature of the Elco Twenty-Six. The engine is set slightly off center and the shaft is carried in non-metallic bearings along the port side of the dead wood instead of through the conventional shaft log. To those unfamiliar with boats, this arrangement may seem strange, but it is common for auxiliaries in which the propeller is frequently off center by several feet. Any single screw boat has a natural tendency to turn in one direction due to the throw of the screw. On the Twenty-Six the shaft is set on the side to partially counteract this. A special stuffing box casting with a long flax bearing takes the shaft through the garboard plank, and a stern bearing casting with rubber bearing is securely fastened to the deadwood. The opposite side of the deadwood is faired away to allow a free flow of water to the propeller. The entire arrangement is eminently satisfactory—reducing repairs and maintenance to a minimum.

Taken all in all it would be hard to find a better small cruiser, and since the pleasure a boat can bring is fortunately not measured by her purchase price, the Elco Twenty-Six is bringing the joy of cruising to hundreds who would otherwise be forced to stay ashore.



Roomy cabin with complete galley and lavatory

ELCO 26-FOOT CRUISER

Galley: equipped with stove, sink, knife drawer and shelf below sink. Portable drain board projects over seat. Water tank installed at after end filled from deck.

Engine: installed under flush cockpit hatch, readily accessible. Storage battery under cockpit. Controls for starting by cabin steps.

Lazarette: hatch opens over rudder post and steering gear. Ample storage space under cockpit.

Forepeak: rope locker formed by low bulkhead.

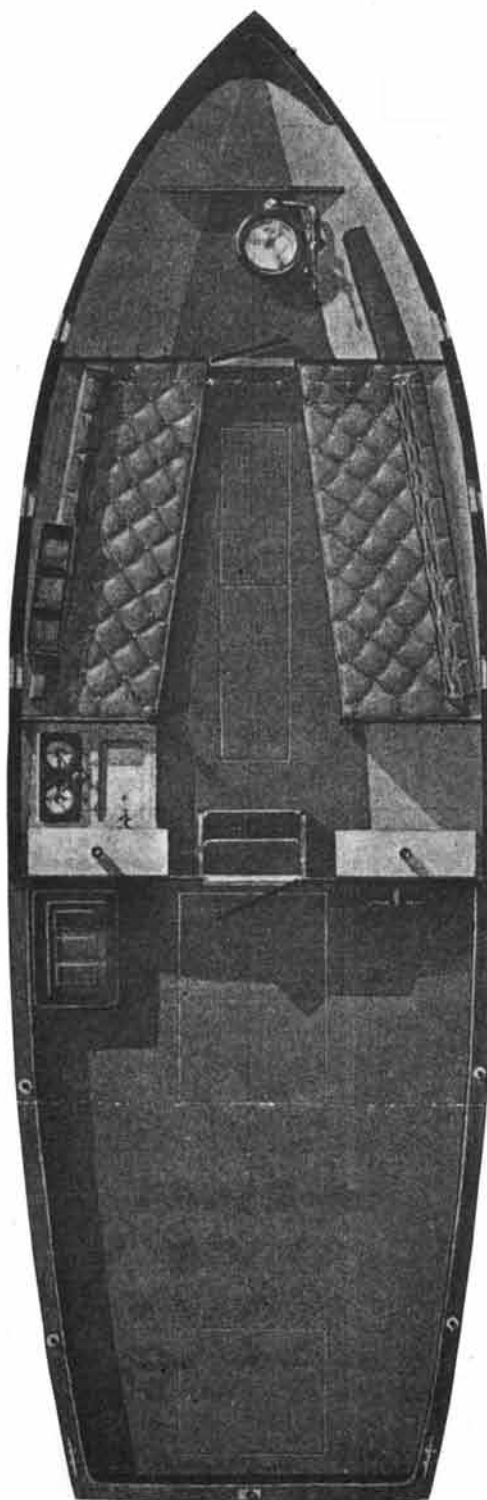
Toilet Room: Equipped with high grade toilet. Hanging space on port side and shelf on starboard. Mirror on cabin side of door. Hatch over.

Cabin: wide transom berths with spring cushions. Seat backs with springs and cushions hinged to form upper berths. Lockers under seats reached through lift boards in seat top. Dish rack on port side by galley.

Hanging Locker: Full length and unusually large. Fitted with coat hooks. Gasoline tank installed at after end, filled from deck.

Cockpit: Unusually large. Covered with canvas awning. Entirely open for use of chairs. Steering wheel and controls at starboard side on bulkhead. Icebox installed on port side forward.

Plan of Elco 26-foot Cruiser showing arrangement



ELCO 26-FOOT CRUISER

Outline Specifications—Model 26—Series 216

Length, overall.....25 feet 11 inches
 Beam, extreme.....8 feet 8 inches
 Draft.....2 feet 3 inches
 Sleeping accommodations.....4 persons
 Headroom, cabin.....5 feet 8 inches
 Speed.....9 miles per hour

Engine.....Elco-Gray, Model Z, four cylinder
 Bore and Stroke.....3 $\frac{5}{8}$ " x 4"
 Horsepower, rated.....15-18 H.P.
 Reverse Gear.....Marine Planetary
 Fuel tank capacity.....25 gallons
 Water tank capacity.....25 gallons

BOAT CONSTRUCTION. Keel and frames, selected white oak. Planking, white cedar; galvanized screw fastenings with all heads puttied. Decks, canvas covered. Exterior trim, mahogany. Interior, white with ash trim.

PAINTING AND VARNISHING. Underbody, anti-fouling green. Topsides, yacht white. Decks, buff. Exterior trim, varnish. Interior, white and varnish.

METAL WORK. Rudder and skeg, shaft and propeller, inboard stuffing box and outboard bearing, all

of bronze. Deck fittings, steering wheel and engine controls, brass. Mooring bitt, galvanized iron. Portlights and joiner hardware, brass.

PLUMBING. Water closet, yacht type. Galley sink, white enamel. Pump and seacock, bronze. Water tank, galvanized.

ELECTRIC SYSTEM. Starting and lighting, two-unit 6-volt. Storage battery. Cabin lamps, electric; sailing lamps, electric and oil.

Equipment

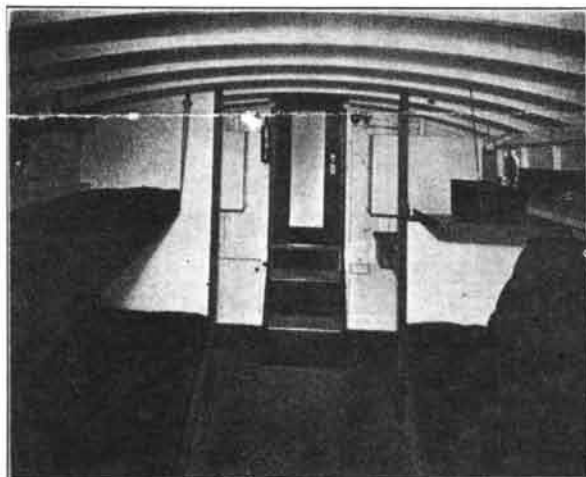
Upholstery: Cabin seat cushions and pipe berth cushions spring type, fabric covered. Floor covering, linoleum in cabin and cockpit.

Awning
 Mast and rigging
 Anchor and cable

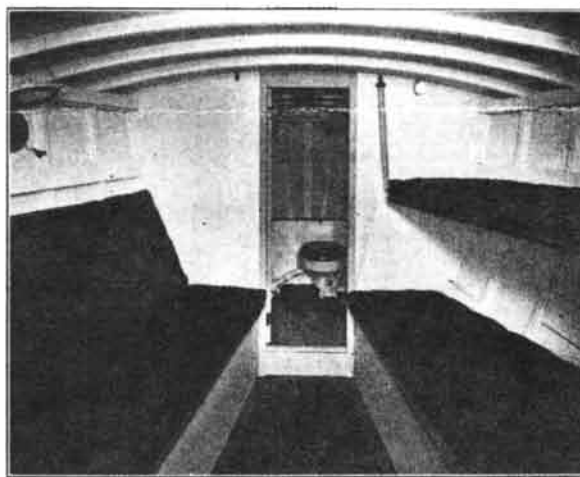
Two mooring lines
 Six life jackets
 Sailing lights

Flag poles
 Yacht ensign
 Bow flag
 Bilge pump
 Electric horn
 Fog horn
 Fire extinguisher

Stove
 Ice box
 Tank measuring rod
 Engine tools
 Name and license numbers
 Instructions



Cabin, looking aft



Cabin, looking forward

Mr Baden-Powell is an English gentleman who has invented a canoe that, for cruising purposes, may be considered perfect. This canoe is known in England as the Nautilus canoe and, from the model of the third Nautilus built by the inventor, the New York Canoe Club has built, with slight modifications, chief among which is the straight stern post, its entire fleet.

The Rob Roy had but little bearings, no sheer and no watertight compartments. The Nautilus has two watertight compartments sufficiently large to float her and her owner, even when the canoe is full of water. She has plenty of bearings and, hence, can carry a heavy press of sail.

Her immense sheer keeps her dry when running before the wind, and makes her self-righting when capsized. She has abundant cabin room and, when built of white cedar, weighs only about 57lbs. No better canoe could be desired.

The dimensions of this canoe, when intended for a canoeist under 5'10" in height and weighing 160lbs or less, are as follows: Length, 14'; beam, at bottom of top streak, 2'4"; depth amidships, from top of top streak to bottom of keel, 10½"; height of stem post above level of keel, 1'10½"; height of stem post, 1'7½"; camber, 2"; depth of keel, 1½". It is, as has been already said, a clinker built boat. Beam amidships at bottom of top streak, 2'4"; beam at mast hole, 2'; beam at dandy mast hole, 2'8".

The timbers are, of course, made very light, being mere withes of oak but, if placed near together and properly fastened, they will make the boat as strong as she need be. Should the canoeist weigh over 160lbs the canoe should be lengthened in the proportion of 5" to every 20lbs of additional weight. The width should, however, always remain the same.

Of the Material to be Used

The Englishmen build their canoes chiefly of oak, for the reason that they have no light wood of sufficient strength. Fortunately we have the white cedar, which is abundantly strong while it is a little more than half the weight of oak. Build your canoe of white cedar and any conservative Briton tells you that cedar is too weak, understand that he is talking of Spanish cedar, a very different wood from white cedar.

The planks of the canoe are then to be made of ¼" white cedar. The keel should be of oak and the stem and stern of spruce. The timbers and knees must also be oak, the carlines (or deck beams) of pine and the deck of Spanish cedar. Pine will also be used for floorboards, backboard and bulkheads. The

The Perfect Canoe

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*
Journal of the Historic
Canoe & Kayak Association

deck should be strong enough to bear the weight of the owner and should be made of four planks free from knots.

Around the gunwale should run a narrow beading of rosewood, black walnut or oak and a smaller beading of the same material should be fitted around the bottom of the hatch coaming. The hatches are, of course, of the same material as the deck, but may be lighter since no weight can come upon them.

The stern post should be straight, inclined at an angle of, say, 70° to the keel and provided with a rudder. The rudder may be managed either with yoke lines or by a tiller made to be worked with the feet. In the latter case, lead the tiller ropes under the deck or they will get in the way of the running rigging. The exact position of the stretchers for the feet must, of course, depend upon the length of individual legs.

Step the mainmast in a copper tube 1¾" in diameter, made fast to the keelson. If not stepped in a tube, the first time when capsized and trying to unship the mast, the strain upon the deck will rip the light planks and practically dismast the canoe. The dandy or after mast should be shipped in a square wooden tube, 1" in diameter. I could give the reason why this tube should be square, but if mentioned here it would conflict with the systematic arrangement of this treatise.

The stem and stern posts will be armored with strips of copper and the canoe will, of course, be copper-fastened. The backboard, against which one leans when sailing or paddling, may be made to please the individual fancy. It should be hung by a leather strap to a hook on the after side of the sliding bulkhead so as to allow it plenty of play when moving about in paddling.

Rigs, Good and Bad

A canoe may be rigged in a dozen different ways. It is best to limit the choice to one of the three best rigs; the standing lug, the sliding gunter and the sliding sprit.

The standing lug necessitates a small jib, which is the chief objection to it. The mainmast, with this rig, should be 7' from the masthead to the deck, and the yard 6' in length. The dimensions of the sail should be leach, 9'; foot, 6'; luff, 4'5"; and head, 6'.

The yard must be hooked to a traveler on the mast so that it will work smoothly and

rapidly. It is, of course, hoisted with halyards and is brailed up with a double topping lift. The mainsail should have two reefs. The size of the jib is determined by the space required for the forward end of the yard. The dandy sail should equal in square inches the size of the jib.

The sliding gunter is a handier and safer rig, but does not hold the wind quite as well as the square-headed lug. It derives its name from the sliding gunter brass in which the topmast ships, though whence the sliding gunter brass derives its name no rational man thinks of inquiring. The upper and lower parts of the brass are 6" apart, the square part is 1" in diameter and the round part 1¾" in diameter. The round piece slides up and down the lower mast and the square part holds the topmast.

The lower mast should be 4'3" from deck to head, the topmast 4'. The boom should be 6' long, and the dandy mast 4'4" from deck to head. The boom may be attached to the mast either with jaws and a lashing in the usual way of most sloops and schooners, or by a brass band fitting loosely around the mast and to which two projecting pieces of brass are soldered so as to form a socket.

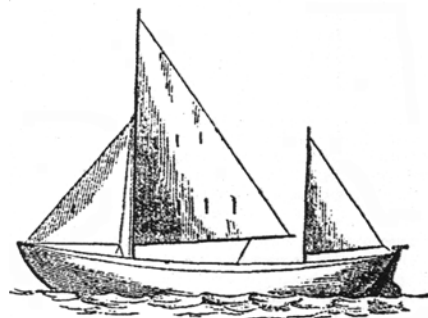
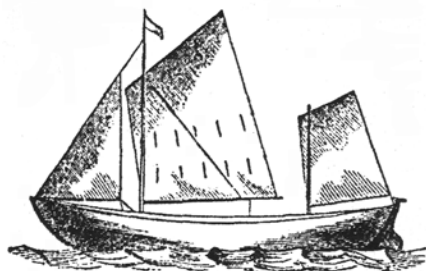
The end of the boom is provided with a ring bolt which fits into the socket and is held with a screw. By withdrawing this screw the boom can be unshipped at a moment's notice. To these spars the sails must be accurately fitted, and it is therefore unnecessary to give their exact measurements here since a slight change in the rake of either mast will alter the cut of each sail.

But by far the best rig of all is the sliding sprit, which is simply the sliding gunter with the addition of a sprit to hold up the head of the mainsail. The spars should be of the same size as in the sliding gunter rig, the sprit, the lower end of which ships in a loop made fast to the gunter brass, being 6' long. The following are the largest sails that should be carried:

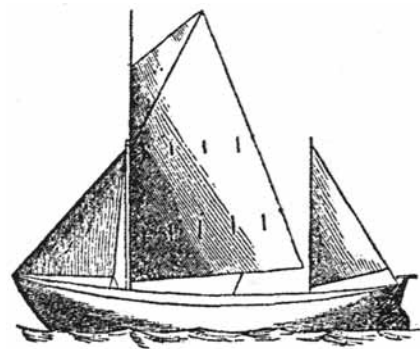
Mainsail: luff, 6' of which 3' are laced to the topmast; leach, 4'; foot, 6'; head, 3'. Jib: luff, 6'; leach, 4'; foot, 4'. Dandy: luff, 4'2"; leach, 4'; foot, 3'.

The mainsail has two reefs and the sail may be still further shortened by removing the sprit. The chief use of the dandy is to keep the boat's head to the wind. She will, however, work well under jib and dandy alone when the wind is from the quarter. The main boom and topmast can be unshipped and the dandy mast shipped in the place of the topmast. A small sail for trolling purposes is thus obtained. You now behold the object of shipping the dandy mast in a square tube. All spars should be made of spruce.

Standing Lug



Sliding Sprit



The Sails and Rigging

Assuming the adoption of the sliding sprit rig, buy five yards of light unbleached cotton, 6' wide. Cut out the mainsail so as to leave the selvage on the leach of the sail and let the selvage also form the leach of the jib and dandy. Rope the remaining side of each sail with the smallest size of untarred hemp rope.

Put six eyelet holes in the upper half of the luff of the mainsail in order to lace it to the topmast. Six other eyelet holes should be put in the foot of the sail and four in the luff of the dandy. Put four reef points in the lower reef and three in the upper with reef thimbles on leach and luff of sail. When reefing make the after-earring fast to the end of the boom. The first reef tack is made fast to the forward end of the boom and the close reef tack to the heel of the topmast. The halyards are made fast to the gunter brass and run through a block at the mast.

The halyards are made fast to the gunter brass and run through a block at the masthead and a fair leader at the foot of the mast. The double topping lift should be worked in the same way. The jib may be hoisted by halyards or the loop at the head may be placed over a hook on the masthead by the aid of the boat hook. The tack may be made fast to the painter, which is rove through the stern, and the painter hauled taut when the sail is set.

A double sheet is required for the jib so that it can be hauled to windward when tacking. The dandy is laced to the mast and is reefed by being wound around the mast. The sheet is rove through a block in the stern post and is led forward within reach. This sail will work better if provided with a light boom, the after end of which is placed in the loop at the after corner of the sail and the forward end lashed to the mast so that the boom can be unshipped in case of reefing.

Have the blocks made of brass, and to avoid the trouble of cleaning them, have them nickel plated. Eight deck cleats need to be placed within reach when sitting in the canoe. Have them also made of brass and nickel plate them. The best pattern of cleat has the foot circular, with a screw projecting downwards through the deck and fastened with a nut. These cleats are not for sale but can be made to order.

For halyards and mainsheet use woven cord which neither parts, stretches nor kinks. Small laid cotton cord will answer for the rest of the running rigging. The painter should be of hemp and a spare painter, to be rove through the stern post, should be kept on board for emergencies. Soak the sail cloth, and cotton cordage in water before using them in order to provide against shrinkage.

The Paddle and Other Things

The paddle must be of spruce or pine, 7' long, double bladed and jointed with brass ferules in the middle so that it can be stowed below. Make it of the following dimensions: length, 7'; depth of blade, 7"; length of blade, 1'6"; circumference of shaft, 4". For a long cruise, when the paddle is much used, an 8' or even 8 1/2' paddle is preferable. An India rubber ring outside of the hand on each side will keep the water from dripping inboard.

To use it, grasp it with both hands about as far apart as the width of the shoulders and bring the blade when in the water as close as possible to the side of the canoe. Practicing alone can teach the art of elegant paddling. When the sails are furled the rudder should be unshipped, if possible, as it is a hindrance when backing water.

The canoe will beat to windward but will make considerable leeway. This may be prevented by a false keel, 4' long and 4"

deep, bolted on to the true keel and capable of being readily detached. Or that useful but annoying makeshift, a leeboard, may be used, hung by loops to the lee deck cleats.

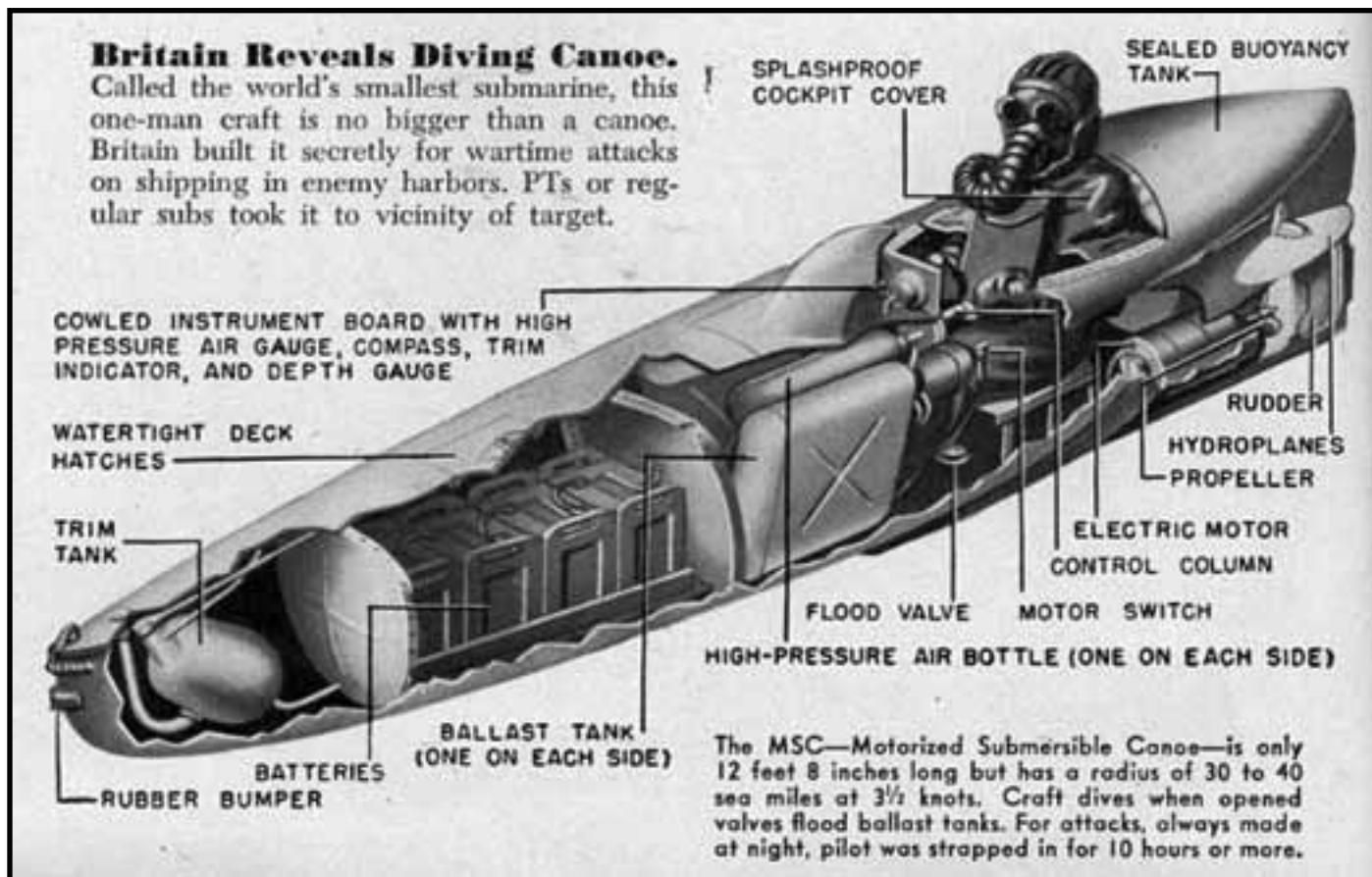
Have a hole cut in the sliding bulkhead so that all the spars and sails can be stowed below. A small pump with an India rubber tube, led under the floor boards, is a very useful affair. In heavy weather button an India rubber apron around the fore end and sides of the hatchway and tuck it around the waist.

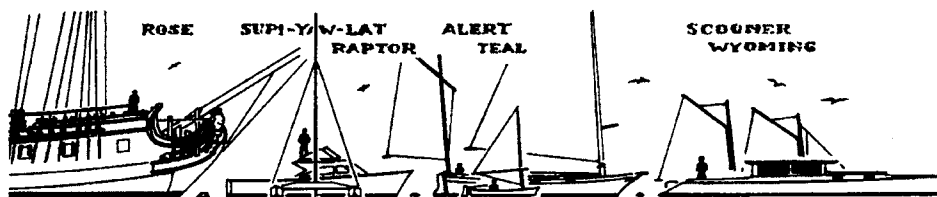
While cruising, a bed needs to be made for the canoe when she is hauled ashore at night. Otherwise body weight will strain her. Before turning in, lash the paddle or boat hook from one mast to the other, about a foot from the deck. Put an India rubber blanket over this and fasten the sides to the deck cleats after going below. Have an India rubber air mattress, 4' long by 1'4" in width to sleep on, thus keeping dry and sleeping as comfortably as the mosquitoes, in their capricious kindness, will permit.

When capsized, as will probably happen on the first attempt to handle the canoe under sail, slide carefully out, unship the masts, put the stern post between the legs and climb on board by a sort of leap frog motion and bail the canoe out. While under sail carry about 50lbs of ballast. Water, in tin cans, is the best sort of ballast since it does not sink the canoe as sand or stones might do, when she is full of water, but it occupies an uncommonly large space.

Do not paint the canoe, but varnish her with shellac and afterwards with coach varnish. Make the flag and signals of bunting, the color of which will not run when wet.

The rudder is rather in the way when on a long cruise in shallow water. The canoe can be easily steered by the paddle resting in a row lock on the lee side.





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1349



Sailing Sharpie-Canoe Eek!

Design #407 Speculation
 11'6"x2'x4' Over Daggerboard
 280lbs Displacement x 24sf of Sail

PB: "... I'd been playing with the idea for a seagoing sharpie, a quick-and-dirty seaworthy cruiser. I had the notion that a pointed stern without rocker would allow more ballast to be carried without increasing the size of the midsection. I wasn't sure what vices this shape might develop and decided that I'd like to try it first at a smaller scale.

Aha! Association, the thing they say computers can't do yet. A one-third scale model of the sharpie would be just a little smaller than Piccolo with side panels 16" wide to get three out of a 48" sheet. I would have a disposable cru-

Phil Bolger & Friends On Design

Here is a change from the ongoing reports on the SACPAS-3 project for the US Navy

What follows is a preview of the format Phil came to use writing several manuscripts on the body of his work across what would amount to 57 years of designing boats. For purposes of fitting into *MAIB*'s format, Phil's writing was edited some here, something that would not happen in the master text.

What will be conspicuously so marked in the final master are my comments on his work, based on 15 years of continuous learning from and collaborating with Phil. He had pulled me in to get my thoughts on design (and other matters) and had insisted on shared design projects and cowritten articles since early in our work and life together. Reflecting a very productive ongoing conversation across those years, my 'second' perspective on his work is both inevitable and appropriate. The loss of that 24/7 conversation is amongst the worst aspects of his death. But I did get to work with him and saw a good number of times my concepts realized across about 60 designs.

Let's take a look at what he commented on three designs based on the same underlying geometry but rendered in different sizes. As in the manuscript, they are listed chronologically. Here's Phil:

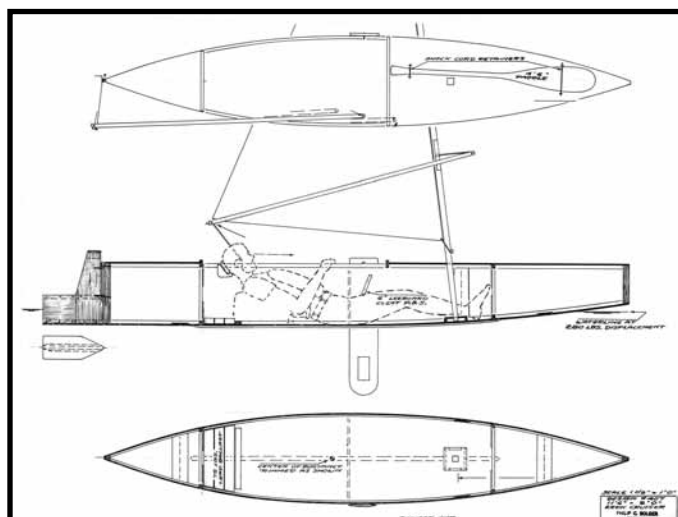
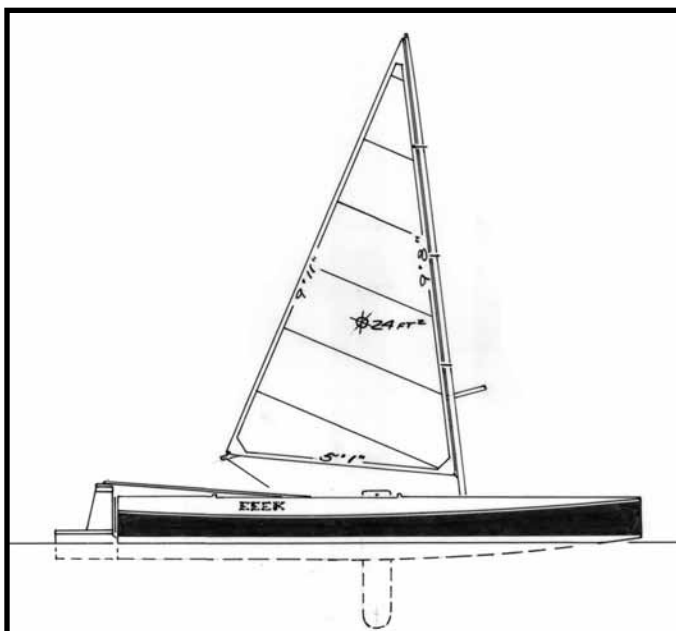
ing canoe, a caricature of Piccolo suitable to be risked in irresponsible adventures while the precious original reposed safely in a glass case with a nitrogen atmosphere. I would name her Eek, a tuneless squeak as opposed to the melody of the Piccolo.

David Montgomery built her for me during a series of low tides, as he was busy launching stored boats on the high waters. He's an experienced professional, but he hadn't built one of these "instant boats" before and wasn't able to work steadily enough for best efficiency. It took him 16 hours to get her hull finished and painted so we could paddle her, and another eight hours to finish off the rig. I think he could have done it in two days if he'd been able to work at it steadily. Materials, with some scrounging, cost about \$500.

With a 7' double paddle (a Bart Hauthaway paddle, much too good for the likes of Eek), she went pretty well, into and across "wind 20 knots gusting to 30," not much troubled by a small chop. The sides are too high to be comfortable with a double paddle and they have the disconcerting effect of limiting the lean of the paddler's upper body. Once she gets over to a certain angle, long before the gunwale goes under, a paddler sitting upright has no way to recover. Unless he instantly drops flat on his back, an unnatural reaction for most, he's pulled past beam ends and spilled out into the water. The boat will then right herself but resist all his efforts to get back in from the side or either end.

It's necessary to tie a life jacket to the end of the paddle or, much better, to the unstepped mast and lash this makeshift outrigger across the deck to make her hold still to be mounted. (It's likely that if the bottom 6" or so of foam buoyancy was removed from the ends she'd be much easier to get into. She'd still have about 300lbs of positive buoyancy and would also have a place to stow the paddle down inside.)

With the rudder shipped, the tiller can be clamped with enough offset to make handy use of a single paddle. The high sides are less troublesome and the shorter flat paddle can be tied on deck out of the way. The single paddle is also handier in the narrow creeks that are her most suitable habitat.



Under sail you lie flat on your back with your eyes just above the gunwale. This puts the weight low enough to give a respectable range of stability. She sails and handles quite well. Not to stay with a Laser, you understand, but she gives a good feel of sailing, points well and tacks and jibes reliably. The supine helmsman's feet against the heel of the mast enable him to lever himself over to the weather side to increase her power to carry sail. The sprit boom, holding the clew down, allows the sail to be flattened in a breeze and keeps it docile running before the wind.

Sail can be furled by sitting up very carefully, starting the snotter, freeing the clew and rolling the sail up with the leech inside. One tie at the foot will hold it in a neat sausage up the mast. (This method of furling works well at least up to the 140sf sail of my Dovekie, I'll be interested to see how much farther it can be carried since it has considerable advantages over rolling around either the luff or the foot.) From a sitting position one can lift the mast out and lay it on deck or drop it overboard to use as a drogue. Given the choice, I'd just as soon beach her before furling, I'd hazard the guess that I would capsize her about one time in five of trying it afloat.

Verdict: An instructive experiment in distribution of displacement, in itself not good enough to repeat. The sailing position is too constricted and performance not good enough. A Teal from about the same pile of materials is much better value."

Leeboard Balanced-Lugger

Design #429

Economy Seagoing Cruiser

For Victor Hopwood

34'6"x6'6"x1'2"

1,800lbs of Hard Ballast

9,000bs Displacement x 339sf of Sail

PB: "This was the concept that the Eek design was intended to test. It became a straightforward scale-up of the test article. The full size cruiser was never tested so the following comments are theoretical. The planked bottom was not a good idea. She was intended to anchor, or lie to a drogue, by the stern, which is deep enough and sharp enough to be quiet in most wave conditions.

One of several attractions of this shape is that as the boat heels, the bow lifts, since she picks up more buoyancy forward of her center of gravity than abaft it. Among other advantages of this characteristic, it reduces yawing when the boat rolls. The corollary is that her power to carry sail is reduced as compared with more usual stern shapes; hence the small sail area for her size and weight. Her resistance is also small, however, and she would be very fast off the wind in fresh winds. Close hauled she would sail sharply heeled and, ordinarily, not pound much. As noted before, if a sharpie is not too stiff under sail, she may pound less than boats with sharp dead rise forward, which present flatter surfaces to waves as they heel while the sharpie becomes sharper.

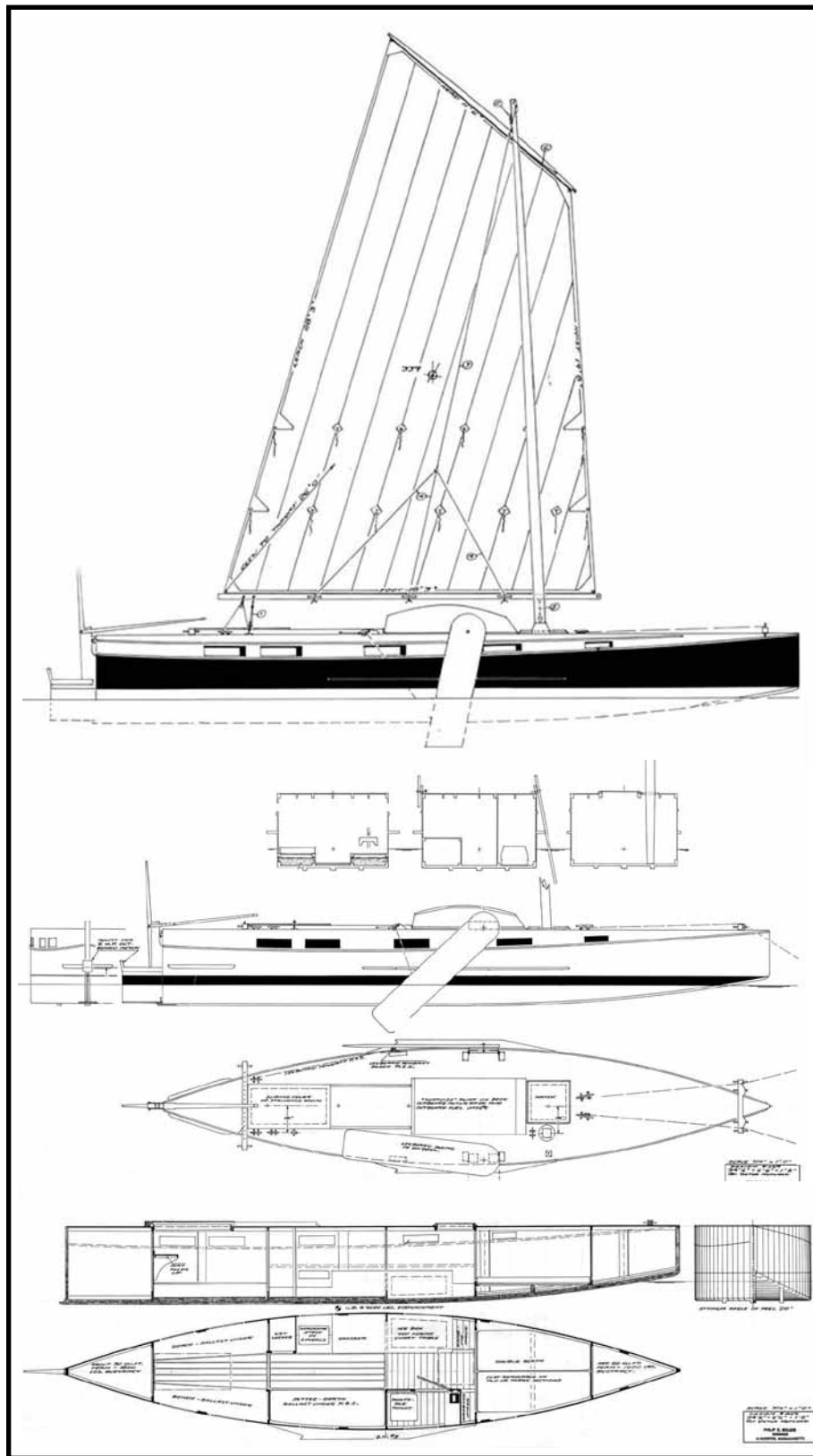
Her crew was never supposed to have to go on deck, all deck work being done standing in the hatches. Apart from general safety, this saved a lot of expense in lifelines and stanchions. The stark cabin carried out the economy theme. With the hatch pulled over the helm area this cabin is actually very

roomy for the size of the boat and still more for her cost and capability. Headroom is about 45", which sounds cruel but is actually not intolerable for reasonably limber people. All movement around in it takes place bent double at the waist, which at any rate avoids any bumped heads....

There was not supposed to be any mechanical power (expensive). A yuloh on a quarter bracket might drive her 1kt in a dead calm and a smooth sea. Twin sculling

sweeps, Bahamian fashion, would do better for a short distance. Drudging, as described in the introduction, would be an option.

The outboard motor bracket on the rudder in the drawing, is, of course, totally impractical. An outboard on a vertically sliding bracket on her side near the after end of the helm cockpit might be barely workable in smooth water. An outboard well won't work in any of the usual configurations because of her depth of hull at the stern, no outboard



motor has a long enough shaft to bring the power head to a safe height. A well in the bow might be made to work in smooth water.

It's not easy to imagine an inboard engine installation that would not be destroyed in a grounding, or else certain to ingest air on one point of sailing or another. Possibly some variation on the "dragon tail" motors of Thailand could be devised with enough thought. Using an outboard powered yawl boat is probably the best, or least bad, option but would call for carrying her tender right side up and fitting some more or less complex and expensive arrangement for launching it.

As designed, the tender is supposed to be carried bottom up, to need no cover and to be decked at one end so that it can be launched and recovered vertically hanging on its painter without any dedicated launching gear. This is perfectly practical, but not with a motor in place, and fitting a motor to a small tender afloat and alongside is not to be thought of except possibly as a malicious image of someone else doing it!

Verdict: A hundred years ago this design would have had considerable merit. It's certainly a better sailer, more comfortable and more seaworthy than many boats that went a long way, Voss's *Tilicum* to take an extreme case. At present it has to be taken for an intellectual exercise."

Rowing/Sailing Camp Cruiser

Design #484 Anhinga
For Ron Morrill
23'3"x5'0"x7"

2,400lbs Displacement
435lbs Water ballast x 140sf of Sail

PB: "An Eeek-derived design said to be very straightforward to build and to sail and row satisfactorily. A boat built to this design illustrated a weakness of water ballast, not a critical one but worth noting. She got a knockdown with the panel in the after bulkhead open. She flooded completely with water from the flooding cockpit. With no positive buoyancy left, the water ballast had neutral buoyancy and she went bottom-up and floated awash, as it happened with no consequences but embarrassment and inconvenience. Some foam buoyancy under the deck in the ends would have righted her and enabled her to be pumped out afloat (after closing the oar ports). It may be noted that although the water ballast was ineffective with the hull flooded, by the same token it had no tendency to sink her, and is effective while the watertight integrity of the hull is maintained.



Verdict: A pleasant boat with a minimum of complications, good looking if the moldings and contrasting paint scheme are as drawn, the "faked" sheer is more effective than most such cosmetic treatments. But the Birdwatcher, Design #496 does everything better."

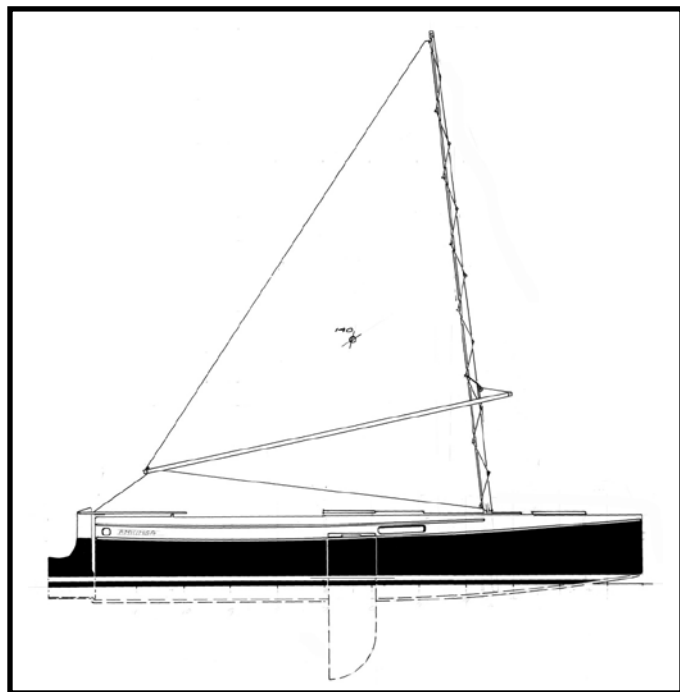
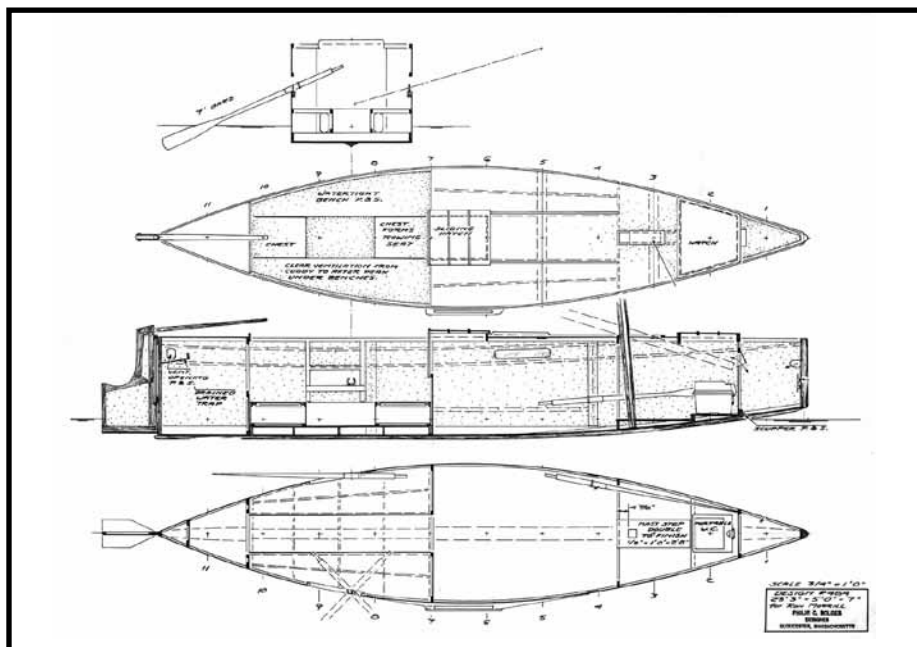
SA: "As mentioned by Phil, #429 should be rendered in all plywood like #407 and #484, today most likely in a ply/epoxy/glass/foam matrix, with the latter to allow distributing also along her midsection an additional amount of positive buoyancy to significantly outweigh all heavier than water attributes for solid sinking resistance, plus thermal performance to extend cruising seasons.

For ballast on #429 and on also #484 we might prefer hefty steel sheets in multiple modest individual sizes to have none move noticeably across temperature extremes, all well bedded in sealant and through bolted. Some might even go for copper or bronze as a built in cash reserve. Such belly armor would indeed invite routinely drying out with less

worry across a broader range of bottoms in tidal waters. Even freshwater cruising would benefit from the hard edge of her outside metal ballast protecting her chine and belly as one looks for premium silent anchoring places and trouble in unnavigable waters.

Today we might want to enhance #429's and #484's cruising comforts by the addition of a Birdwatcher-style glass house, pointed forward, beginning likely just abaft the mast and running aft towards the cockpit function, with perhaps a railing extending aft to add to her ergonomics. On #484 that would then suggest scaling down #429's simple, self-vanging and typically powerful balanced lug sail plan, with the boom raised to clear the new house.

Phil listed the prices for plans of #429 at \$300 and #484 at \$200, to build one boat, sent rolled in a tube. With their simplicity and all basics on the plans neither has a dedicated Building Key. All are available only from Phil Bolger & Friends, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



Finally, at the ripe old age of 64, I am a grandparent, a long awaited position for which I believe I am perfectly oriented. My doctoral dissertation was "Grandparental Influences on Locus of Control," a somewhat lame research paper devoted to a plethora of graphs, charts, analyses of variance, correlations, Scheffe analysis of individual variables and a modest smattering of prose written in the passive voice as per expectations for scholarly discourse.

In the end, the entire project was greatly confounded by family size and gender; however, I became totally convinced that grandparents have a moral, ethical and psychological obligation to spoil their grandchildren rotten. I have waited and waited for this opportunity.

My own grandfather, a dentist who lived just down the block, introduced me to boats. Many a day was spent on the Mississippi drowning worms, munching on crackers and summer sausage and drinking Nehi Strawberry pop. He was the perfect grandfather and felt that mandate to spoil his grandchildren, namely my brother and I.

With this virtually religious tenet I commenced my commitment to delighting my beautiful granddaughter in all ways possible. Since I have this affliction addiction to boats, I felt a need to build my beloved Grey Nasaria Regan a Jolly Boat Rocker as advertised in one of the tidal wave of magazines I receive monthly. The ad clearly stated that this rocker was perfect for small children, easily constructed and modest in cost. Even a beginner could build this boat-shaped rocker in less than three days, so said the fine print.

What I received was an envelope containing four pages; two large pages with patterns and two pages listing materials required to assemble this easy-to-build, plus a single paragraph of simple directions. Ace Hardware and Home Depot met all my needs; several pieces of marine grade plywood, a Dewalt electric sander, ballpeen hammer, saber saw, carbon paper (OK, that was picked up at Staples) and a used bandsaw. Unfortunately I had to order some silicon bronze ring nails from West Marine. This was in January. Three days said the ad.

My first clue should have been the silicone bronze ring nails that were \$10.95 per one hundred plus \$9.95 shipping and handling. They came in a small box the size of a small aspirin bottle. These were attracted to the floor of my basement where they were spilled enmasse and approximately half were salvaged. It was almost February.

The pattern was transcribed via carbon paper and metal ruler to the surface of the plywood. I was so proud of myself. My little workbench is about 3'x4' and I had no cause to believe it was insufficient for my nautical creation. I started to gently cut the plywood when I found that this somewhat expensive wood material tended to splinter terribly.

Let me take a little bird walk. When I was in high school during the early '60s, intelligent and college-bound students were not allowed to enroll in certain classes such as typing (that was for future secretaries), agricultural or industrial arts. We were being siphoned into physics, higher level mathematics, chemistry and foreign languages (Latin was important).

I had, therefore, never built a birdhouse, sawn a board, drilled a hole, glued joints or even knew what a planer was. I was busy conjugating Latin verbs, solving quadratic equa-

Grey's Boat

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

tions, memorizing Newton's laws and mixing substances to obtain purple precipitates.

Interestingly, since college I have never stumbled onto a quadratic equation, been required to conjugate some Latin verb, to say nothing of making precipitates. Worse, Newton's Law's ended up in the bonfire of quantum mechanics. Sawing, drilling and gluing have become routine demands on a homeowner. But those skills were left to the dolts while we geniuses were supposed to fly rocket ships to Mars, solve the time-space conundrum and develop engineering marvels. I blame it on the nuns.

Let me back up. I went to the Big Box for some plywood. It put it on my trailer that has been sitting quietly in my backyard since we moved ten years ago. Miss Frozen Finland, aka my wife, has complained that it needs to be sold but I remind her that someday we may need it.

Thus, after sitting for ten years it was finally used. Driving back home I looked in my rear view mirror to see a 4'x8' sheet flying away down the road. I did not realize that plywood could fly in that fashion but fly it did. Fortunately, no one was near the street so it did not hit anything but it did shatter. Yet another lesson learned.

After securing another piece of plywood and a bunch of hardwood boards, I stenciled the patterns carefully onto the wood. Clearly any idiot could cut along the lines. Or so I thought. I cut off the excess to get down to the bare hunks to saw with immense precision; however, one brief lapse cut a section in half, but with Elmer's and a little support it worked out.

Now bandsaws are utilized to shape curves and do intricate little minute stuff. My deluxe used model couldn't cut along a line without wobbling along like the path of a drunken sailor. Obviously it needed adjustment. I adjusted it. I then proceeded to: a) break the band; b) break the "tire" or little rubber circle that goes around the wheel. No problem, it is a Craftsman and Sears is only ten minutes away.

They don't make that model anymore and they had to order the stuff directly from some manufacturer in China or Viet Nam or somewhere. They were sure they could get the parts within six to eight weeks.

Using my time efficiently I tried to hand cut several parts with my little old saber saw that burned out quickly. Sears sold me a new one. It worked wonderfully cutting right through the cord on my Dremel with ease. I did not know that there were blades for different types of wood. My "let's cut down sequoias" blade splintered plywood. Sears sold me appropriate blades. The new blades were wonderful as they cut right through the wire to my table saw that was being used as a woodworking bench.

By April I had most of the puzzle parts cut out, but some were not quite the same size or shape due to my sawing abilities (or inabilities). This required correction by significant sanding. My Dewalt electric sander of high quality and a ton of various courses of sandpaper was great. I could sand whole forests of wood raising clouds of sawdust. The sandpaper was held to the power sander by two little wires that hooked under plastic knobs. The

plastic knobs broke off quickly. Dewalt said "tough toenails."

I don't have a doctorate for nothing. I can think. I can analyze. I can create. Double-sided tape holds sandpaper much better than wires and plastic knobs. Black and Decker can bite me. Actually, when my Black and Decker drill died after less than a year of service I tried to send it in for repair.

It seems that B&D is mostly a licensing company that sells the rights for their logo and name but they do not actually manufacture, distribute or deal with products bearing their name. Bacchus owns car products using the Black and Decker name. Others make B&D saws, a different company makes tools, etc. Harbor Freight, here I come.

The plans call for the use of bronze ring nails. West Marine supplies them for a modest fee and a whopping shipping and handling fee. \$10 for 100 nails! The plans say that is more than enough. Wrong, I needed another 100. I have \$40 in nails which bend easily, split plywood wonderfully and are tiny enough to get lost on my work bench/table saw. Once I was hard up for nails so I emptied the vacuum cleaner to obtain a dozen or so.


Sanding is a torturous endeavor created by maniacal nuns demanding penance for some long forgotten set of sins, or so I believe. Nevertheless this is incredibly boring, mandating several types of sandpaper, holders and tools. The Dewalt power sander died violently with a crack, a bang, a spark and ball bearings shooting across the floor like zany animals that had been sniffing glue.

It is now October and the little girl's first birthday is coming up real soon. Panic has firmly ensconced itself in my feeble mind and total paralysis has gripped me. I look at the half-finished boat and am instantly seized by insatiable thirst for beer (Brandy Old Fashions are acceptable, too). After enough fluid ingestion I loosened the tyrant paralysis, gained some momentum and realized that I needed to work on that project, tomorrow.

Grey is standing by herself, making her initial two-legged saunter and uttering her first words. "Grandpa" is not in her vocabulary, nor is the word "boat." She says "Joe," which is the dog's name. She cries at the sight of me and detests water. Her name is in the Last Will and Testament in pencil. Can I finish the boat in a week? How can I haul it, my wife's extensive luggage, mom and her "stuff" and the dog to St Paul? The anguished cry you hear around the world is just this old Salt in his workshop.

Three days! Inexpensive! Easy to build! Bite my transom.

NEW
USED



KAYAKS
Boreal Design
Wilderness Systems—Old Town
Necky—Ocean—Perception—Liquid Logic

CANOE
Ranger—Old Town—Radisson
Hundreds on Display

FERNALD'S
On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

Define the word “weathered” and dependent on which dictionary one decides to use, with slight variations the definition arrived at suggests a visual condition of deterioration of an object due to continual exposure to wind, seawater, the rays of the sun, and banging upon wood or metal with resultant indentations, that anyway is from the writer’s unpublished dictionary. Use a Collins or Webster version and in one way or another I guarantee arriving at something pretty damn close.

A few months after the conclusion of my search to find the smallest model schooner on Planet Earth, a few bright and super enthusiastic beans in the bag suggested we (meaning me!) devise and run another ship modeling challenge to which I initially balked for I define myself in these later retired years as a documenter of model sailing boats, not as an event production imagineer, known in imagineer parlance simply as an EPI, or the one who dreams up things, plans them, arranges them and runs them!

Nobody had any ideas so this EPI, in an effort to please and after a browse around at a local north shore of Auckland, New Zealand marina, came up with the idea of a ship modeler challenge that involved “weathering”. I think my drift by now will be self-evident!

I then had to sell the idea and to do that I needed a model that depicted a weathered affliction and so I called up my ever helpful mate in Hamilton, NZ, Harry Duncan, Model Imagineer Boat Builder (or MIBB!) who willingly agreed to turn the briefest of briefs (not the kind one wears, you understand) into a bruised and chafed, paint-scarred fishing dory which even had a name, *Dora Staar*.

Armed with good photos of that in the water, another brief followed, everything sent to another mate never met, Barrie Stevens, Editor of a magazine I occasionally write for, *Marine Modeling International* in England, who initially wasn’t too keen on another challenge for one or two reasons. He nonetheless eventually agreed and the event was now a reality. Chuck at Duckworks came

Weather Me Bruised & Tired!

By Mark Steele



The dory *Dora Staar* in the stream, the model built to motivate interest.

to the party and agreed to give promotional space over several months in my column.

With a build time of several months chosen to coincide with the northern winters, the Weathering Challenge was on with a closing date of 30th September 2012. Entries started pouring in by email. Well, that’s not

Tim Mayer at work on his entry in his workshop.



strictly true, in fact it is what some refer to as a “porkie” of monumental dimensions with little interest expressed in three one-year subscriptions to *Marine Modeling International* as prizes. Lazy modelers’ attitudes, or the distinct possibility that many considered the skills of weathering beyond their capability levels, resulted in just six entries overall from five persons in Britain, the USA, New Zealand and Australia.

Having said that, let me add that they were largely models showing quality weathering skills and one of those was from a sixteen year old lad in America who listed the methods he had used to achieve the effects, methods which I am not going to share with others.

Tim Mayer of Brunswick in Maine kit-bashed a 1/90 (HO) scale Lindberg North Atlantic trawler, then modified it with extra detail plus electrics that provided RC running lights and deck lights, weathered it brilliantly, turned it into a Caribbean coaster and called it *Sun of Jamaica* to win the Powered Boat Class. One up to America!

Englishman David Squires of Northumberland in Britain submitted two commendable entries, a well weathered Bustler tug designed light years ago by the late Vic Smeed and a Black Pearl pirate boat that was battle scarred down to halved square sails, crewed and good enough to win the Sail Class. One to Britain!

Barrie Stevens had generously thrown into the award pot a subscription for the best *Junior Modeler* and Kelson Mills of Washington, who had competed the year before in the smallest schooner challenge, was to win with a stunning 12” long model of a Muscongus Bay lobster smack that was absolutely brilliant and equally brilliantly photographed.

Before I forget (since one modeler has already been making suggestions for another project) I have now retired as an EPI. I find myself weathered, bent in places, chafed in others and not up to having a refit.

Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form

Name _____

Mail Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**messing
about in
BOATS**



Mail Orders

12 Months — \$32 (Payable by Check)

To: Messing About in Boats

29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-1943

3 Months Trial Subscription — \$8

Mail Order Only

Internet Orders

12 Months — \$36 (Payable by Credit Card)

To: www.duckworksbbbs.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted

ONLY \$19.95+ \$4.95 S&H

SCMM

**small craft
messabout movement**

Neck & Ear Sun Protection + SCMM embroidery
70 cotton/30 nylon • Water and stain-repellent DuPont™ Teflon® • Rayosan® treated to reflect UV (UPF 45+) Terry sweatband • Mesh lining • 3.75" Bill with dark undervisor to reduce glare • Cape with zipper pocket Lanyard & clip • Barrel lock on drawstring adjusts size
Visit: www.StitchNinjas.com/scmm



David Squire's winning model in Sail Class, Black Pearl, photographed in battered guise on the water in Northumberland, UK.

Junior modeller award winner Kelson Mills' Muscongus Bay lobster smack Lisa, nicely photographed.



Tim Mayer's Caribbean Coaster Sun Of Jamaica, winner of the Power Boat Class.

Squire's entry in the Power Boat Class, a Bustler tug designed by the late Vic Smeed.



Are You Moving?

You may have told the
Post Office
but you didn't tell us.
To assure missing no issues,
please notify us six weeks
in advance of your moving
(including seasonal moves).

Mail Notification to:
Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St,
Wenham, MA 01984-1943
Telephone (978) 774-0906
7-10am or
5-9pm (no machine)
Email maib.office@gmail.com

It is Monday morning and I am back in my office, rolling up my sleeves to dive into the mound of paperwork that has piled up while I was out last week. I attended the hand tools class taught by Harry Bryan at the WoodenBoat School. I looked at the back of my left forearm, smooth and hairless as a baby's bottom. Early in the week Harry had shown us how to sharpen planes and chisels and a basic test was to be able to shave the hair off the back of my hand. With four planes and eight chisels, I had to use my forearm as well for the tests.

Why did I take this class? Last year in Mr Brooks' boat building class it became apparent that I lacked basic skills. My theory that the genes passed on to me by my father and maternal grandfather, both excellent woodworkers, would be enough was flawed. Fortunately I had inherited a good deal of their tools, so the part of Harry's class devoted to restoring old tools was very valuable. I had brought a bunch of them along, so I did not need a project, but I did build a saw sharpening vice and a cigar cutter to develop my new woodworking and metalworking skills.

The class was structured with the first day devoted to learning how to sharpen tools. After that we were encouraged to work on our own, maintaining our old tools, making one of the projects, or working on the wheelbarrow pram Harry had designed and built. This pram had a front wheel so it could be loaded it up with gear and then wheeled down to the boat for loading or rowed out to the mooring.

After sharpening the four planes and eight chisels, I decided to build a saw sharpening vise. Harry had a model, and as I believe no plans should go unimproved, I altered them so that I could use the mahog-

Learning from the Master

By Lew Paine

any scrap I found in the waste barrels. After a couple of false starts, I did a creditable job and used it immediately to sharpen my cross-cut saw and what was left of my rip saw. I was inspired by another student, Ross, who was making a rabbet plane involving a lot of hacksawing and filing, only to realize too late that he was building a left handed rabbet plane. Knowing that if he continued, he would be building a lifelong reminder of his failing, he started over again. I had a similar experience with my saw vise.

The rip saw I was reconditioning had a hard life, and was bent near the tip. I cut off the offending bend and reconditioned the shortened saw. I then took the tip and fabricated a cigar snipper. While not exactly critical to maritime pursuits, a cigar snipper is useful and would engage me in hacksawing, drilling metal, hardening, tempering and softening the blade as well as putting a sharp edge on the project. Lastly, it would all be held together by copper rivets. While not a howling success, the clipper let me learn a lot and I did not need stitches.

The best part of the course was Harry. Along with being off the grid, he was a bit off the charts as well. He is passionate about his craft, committed to his approach and absolutely committed to quality in the tools he uses and the results of his work. Elsewhere I have written about the need for people to be a little nuts (see Dale Walksler and his Wheels Through Time).

A few years ago I took a course in small engine repair from Rocket Lockart at the United Technology Center in Bangor, Maine. Along with learning about engines, I learned about a workmanlike approach to a project, starting with a clear space and the right tools, and planning and documenting the process. This course reaffirmed the approach in wood-working as well. There is also a smidgen of Zen. Be the Blade. One of the hardest tools to master is the spoke shave. If forced and is dull it will roll. For quick results without soul, get out power tools.

When I returned to work, one of my coworkers asked if I had learned anything. I replied that if for some reason I became homeless, with my box of tools I could build and furnish a small house with a boat in no time.

I generally go to lunch at café in an antique mall in downtown Bangor. After finishing my sandwich, I spend some time looking at books, furniture and the old tools section. Before I took the class the old tools simply took up space. Yesterday I visited them and suddenly they were speaking to me, clamoring like little orphans to be taken home and loved. I get paid on Thursday and plan to go to lunch on Friday with a ton of cash and a sack to carry to my new friends home.

What this all inspired on my return to the Man Cave was a massive cleanup, and then an orderly drawer by drawer tool restoration. This is not complete, but it is a great excuse to go to the Cave, light up a cigar and spend hours sorting through the long ignored tools, bringing them back to their former glory and utility. As stated above, they are now my friends and we get along very well.



The
Traditional
Small Craft
Association,
Inc.

PO Box 350,
Mystic, CT
06355

www.tsca.net

Come aboard!

The **Traditional Small Craft Association, Inc. (TSCA)** works to preserve traditions, skills and lore of small work or pleasure boats developed in the days before internal combustion engines.

Join a growing crew of small boat enthusiasts who paddle, row, pole, or sail some of the finest watercraft ever created.

Contact your nearest TSCA chapter (nearly 30 are listed on our website). Find out how to connect with like-minded souls, or form your own group, and enjoy the thrill of "simply messing about" in boats.

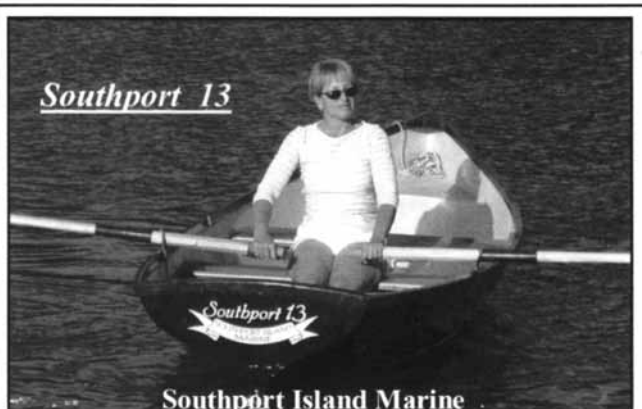
Enjoy our quarterly, *The Ash Breeze*, and stay abreast of boatyard, backyard, and on-the-water activities.

Membership starts at \$20.
Sign on, today.



Southport Island Marine

207-633-6009 www.southportislandmarine.com



Southport Island Marine

207-633-6009 www.southportislandmarine.com

The Keewayden Project

By Steve Lapey
(978) 374-1104
stevelapey@comcast.net
Norumbega Chapter WCHA

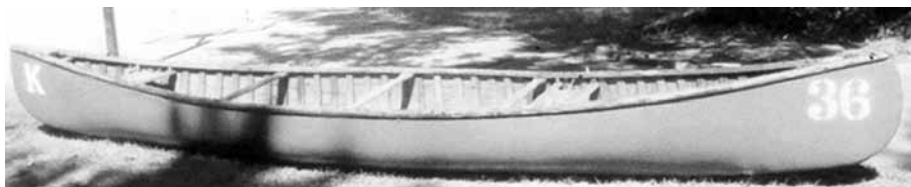
Norumbega and the Northern Lakes Chapters have joined forces to rebuild a Keewaydin trip canoe to be raffled at the 2013 WCHA Assembly! At the recent Killbear gathering the idea came up to rebuild a well used Chestnut Cronje, rig it as a Keewaydin trip canoe and raffle it off at next summer's Assembly.

The Cronje is the 17' Cruiser canoe made by the Chestnut Canoe Company and this was one of the last ones made before the factory closed in 1979. It was shipped to Keewaydin, on Devil's Island, Lake Temagami, Ontario, where it was used for 30 years on Keewaydin expeditions throughout northern Ontario and Quebec.

This one is tired, but with some attention it can be brought back to usable condition in the same way Keewaydin would in their repair shop, to return it to tripping service.

Bill Conrad and I transported the canoe across the border and it is now situated here in Groveland, Massachusetts, awaiting some Norumbega attention. The Northern Lakes Chapter has donated this canoe that their Chapter Head, Andre Cloutier, purchased from Keewaydin and Rob Stevens will be making a wannigan to go with it. A wannigan is basically a wooden box shaped to fit into a canoe's interior cross sectional profile, traditionally used on canoe trips to carry food and kitchen equipment in the canoes and carried on portages using a leather tump line.

Keewaydin canoes, this one included, are outfitted with "Wannigan Ribs," six of them, three forward of the center thwart and three aft of center spaced on every other rib. The wannigan ribs are regular ribs with a second rib secured on top to take the beating of the wannigan being dropped into the canoe. On this canoe the wannigan ribs have done their job, the extra wood is pretty well chewed up but the original ribs are still in good shape.



Here is the Cronje as she arrived from Canada. In typical Keewaydin fashion it is painted Hunter Green with the large letter "K" at the stern and its fleet number stenciled at the bow.



This shows the worst of the damage, a shattered rib and some missing planking, an easy fix for Norumbega woodworkers. One rib has been repaired, it will be replaced. There are more broken ribs near the bow of the canoe. The wannigan ribs are visible if you look closely.



Seats and thwarts need sanding and varnishing, the seats need new lacing. The bungee cord under the seat is for the bow man's rain gear.

Also, Northern Lakes has provided a set of "fire irons" that Keewaydin carried on their trips to use on a fire pit to support the


cooking pots. The fire irons are 3' lengths of iron pipe, flattened at the ends, and they are carried with the canoe or on top of a wannigan in a casing made of old fire hose.

To round out the raffle package Northern Lakes has sent along a copy of Herb Evans' book, *Canoeing Wilderness Waters*, published in 1975. Evans was a trip leader at Keewaydin for years, taking many trips to Hudson's Bay. In the off season he was an instructor at Governor Dummer Academy in Byfield, Massachusetts.

We feel that a canoe of this type, with its history and provenance, will attract the sale of a great number of raffle tickets resulting in a good boost for the WCHA treasury. Our task will be to get the canoe in presentable shape for the raffle. From an initial assessment it will need about six new ribs and a lot of new planking along with a new set of outwales. After the woodwork is complete it will need new canvas, filling and paint. I have the necessary materials, what we will need is some volunteer labor, like we did last year with the Rushton project.

So far (mid-October) I have power washed the interior, removing 30 years of mud and gunk from it, and it looks surprisingly nice, awaiting some more serious work.


I am going to allot time on weekends for work on this project for the tasks to be done here at my shop. Interested persons are welcome to come by and join in and help with this, call or email if you are coming as I need to know how much coffee to brew and how many donuts to buy. Shop sessions will begin at 8am, you don't have to be on time and you don't have to stay all day, any help will be appreciated. Call ahead and we can make a weekday date to address a task or two if that works better for you. This will be another Norumbega project to show our support for the WCHA. All help will be gratefully appreciated!



SunCat COM-PAC

14' Picnic Cat
17' Sun Cat
Other models
in stock

FERNALD'S MARINE
On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

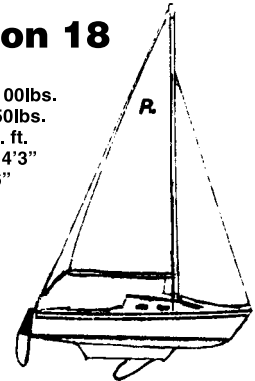


MYSTIC RIVER
BOATHOUSE

MAAS ROWING SHELLS
AB INFLATABLES
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
HONDA OUTBOARDS
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930

Precision 18

Displacement 1100lbs.
Ballast, Lead, 350lbs.
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.
Draft, Bd. Down 4'3"
Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"
LOA 17'5"
LWL 15'5"
Beam 7'5"



15' C.B.
16- B.K.
18' - 21' - 23'

FERNALD'S MARINE
291 High Rd., Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

Because of the unusual structural requirements typical of wooden boat building and the harsh environment where the boat must live, the preferred fasteners are generally somewhat different from those used for dry land construction. Marine grade fasteners are available in various styles, sizes and metal alloys to fit a great variety of applications, so their selection should be a matter of careful thought. Some factors to consider:

Will the boat be used in salt water for long periods? This will determine your choice of metal alloy for the fasteners.

What size of fasteners are needed? Too small or too few fasteners can make a weak joint, while too large or too many fasteners can weaken or split the wood.

Will a structure likely need to be disassembled for repair or maintenance at some time in the future? This will dictate whether nails, rivets, screws or bolts are the best choice.

Screws

Wood Screws: Screws are usually my first choice for the majority of fastening jobs in a wooden boat. When properly bored for, they provide outstanding strength. They are easily installed by one person without requiring a helper with a backing iron, as with some nailing jobs. They behave as a permanent fastener but can be withdrawn for removal of parts. And, unlike nails, screws draw parts together, acting as clamps for glued-up assemblies.

Drywall Screws: These are very handy for fast or temporary construction such as installing bracing, but are not to be used as permanent fasteners in boats because they are not durable enough for a marine environment. They work best in softwood with no pilot holes but beware, because of their all thread profile they won't draw members together like wood screws.

Rivets

Copper rivets are arguably the best and most foolproof of all fasteners for applications such as lapstrake planking. Riveting requires some extra steps, but is simple to learn. A copper nail is driven through a hole bored slightly undersize through two pieces of wood (from the outside in a lapstrake planked boat). A copper rove or burr is then driven with a rove set (see tools) over the pointed end of the nail, tightly against the wood. The roves must be a tight, drive fit on rivets so they don't fall off prior to peen-

Fastener Basics

By Warren Jordan
Jordan Wood Boats
www.jordanwoodboats.com
Fasteners

ing. The excess nail beyond the rove is then nipped off with wire cutters and the remaining stump is worked with a light ballpeen hammer to form a head against the rove.

The more you peen, the tighter the fastening becomes. During the hammering, the head is backed by a backing iron, a job that sometimes requires a helper. Don't peen with overly hard blows as this can kink the shank in the wood, causing a weak fastening and possibly a split along the fastener line. Rivets and roves are available in various sizes and patterns for different applications. Rivet heads may be set flush for a bright finish, or countersunk slightly and puttied for a "Bristol Fashion" paint job.

Nails

Silicon Bronze Ring Shank (Annular Thread) Nails: Sometimes called boat nails, these are a good choice for many boat building applications. They have excellent holding power, but not nearly as much as screws that have been properly bored for. They are often used as a less expensive and faster way to fasten plywood planking, but because of their inability to draw parts together their best use is in fastening frame gussets, non bent hull panels and other parts that lie relatively flat. You will usually need to have a helper with a backing iron backing the frame member behind each nail to insure the pieces are compressed enough for a good glue joint. Drilling pilot holes just big enough to prevent splitting will increase their holding power, but is time consuming and not always necessary in soft woods.

Clench Nails: Clench nails are square-cut chisel point copper nails. They are sometimes used in place of rivets in lapstrake planking and for canoe fasteners because they are faster to install. They are driven through pre-drilled holes and the points are clenched or turned back on themselves by holding a backing iron at an angle on the inside. The iron is moved in a rolling motion which causes the point to form a hook that turns back into the wood. As with riveting, you shouldn't use overly hard

hammer blows. The points should always be clenched across the grain because that greatly increases the holding power and reduces the chance of splitting the plank. For fastening bent frames, however, it is best to clench the points with the grain because that way it's easier to hammer them flush with the surface for finishing purposes.

Hot Dipped Galvanized Nails: Galvanized nails are an inexpensive substitute for silicon bronze nails, and though not the best choice for top notch work, they are widely available and will hold up well enough, especially if your boat is kept puttied and painted. However, they must not be the electroplated kind, which are unacceptable for boat work. You must also be careful not to break the zinc coating during driving or sanding.

Carriage Bolts

Carriage bolts have a round head and, beneath it, a square section that sinks into the wood to keep the bolt from rotating, allowing single handed installation. They are the perfect choice for heavy duty assemblies such as stems, keels, transoms and their associated knees and on sawn frame boats where they are used to tie together the inwales and gunwales at the frame heads.

Fastener Metals

Metals for fasteners can be categorized as either ferrous (containing iron) or non ferrous (not containing iron). Since ferrous metals will corrode in a marine environment they are not the best choice for boat building, although some types have coatings that will protect them from corrosion to some degree. Keep in mind, however, that a coated fastener may normally resist rust, but when nicked with a tool or abraded by sandpaper, the unsightly rust stain and accelerated deterioration of your fasteners will haunt you for the life of the boat. Because of their resistance to corrosion, nonferrous fasteners are the first choice for boat building. They are also easier on tools, if you should happen to nick one with a blade, and won't deteriorate, even when damaged. Non ferrous metals include bronze, copper, brass and monel.

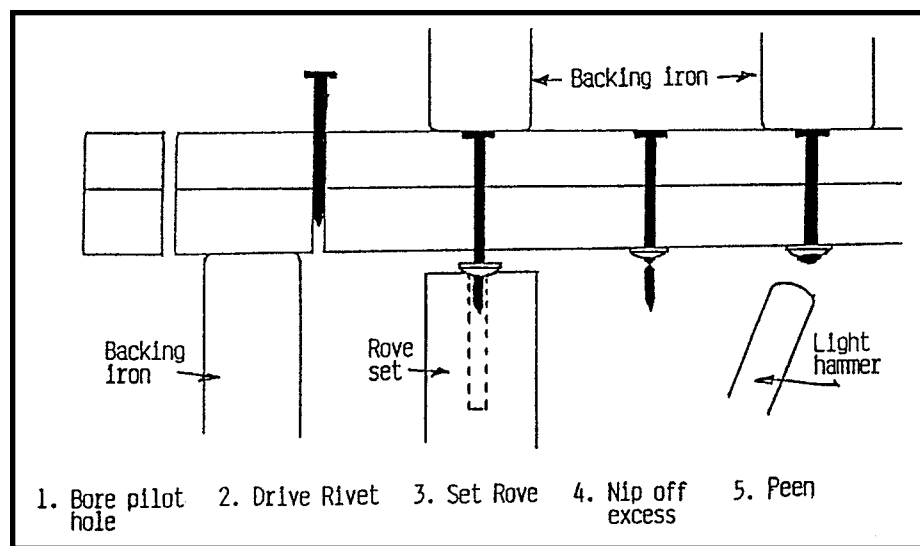
Silicon Bronze: Silicon bronze is my first choice of metals for all around use in wooden boat building. It is strong, durable and tool friendly and silicon bronze screws are considerably more effective than galvanized screws because they have sharper threads. Screws, nails and carriage bolts in a large variety of sizes are all available in silicon bronze. Silicon bronze fasteners are more expensive than some of the other choices, but when you consider that your boat's fasteners make up only a small percentage of the cost of materials, they still are a very attractive choice.

Copper: Copper is another excellent fastener metal. It is extremely corrosion resistant but is weaker and softer than bronze so it is best used in applications such as rivets and clenched nails.

Brass: Brass is a relatively weak metal. Its high zinc content causes it to quickly deteriorate in a marine environment, so it is not recommended except for non structural, decorative work.

Monel: This copper nickel alloy is one of the strongest and most corrosion resistant of all fastener materials, but it is also the most expensive.

Stainless Steel: Stainless steel is ordinarily highly rust resistant, but some types are prone to a particular kind of corrosion



under certain conditions, so for the most part you should avoid stainless steel fasteners except for above-water applications.

Galvanized Steel: Galvanized steel fasteners are a less expensive alternative to bronze, but they must be of the hot dipped variety, not the kind electroplated with zinc. Galvanized fasteners are very corrosion resistant but can cause problems in below the waterline applications when located near non ferrous fasteners in boats that will remain in salt water for long periods.

Galvanic Corrosion (Electrolysis)

When dissimilar metals are placed close together in salt water, an electrical current is created between the two, causing one of them to deteriorate. Each metal has an electrical potential and the farther apart the two metals are on the galvanic series, the faster the deterioration. So ideally, for boats that will be immersed much of the time in salt water, you should stick to one type of fastener metal. If this is not possible for some reason, select metals that are close together on the galvanic series table, for example: copper and silicon bronze.

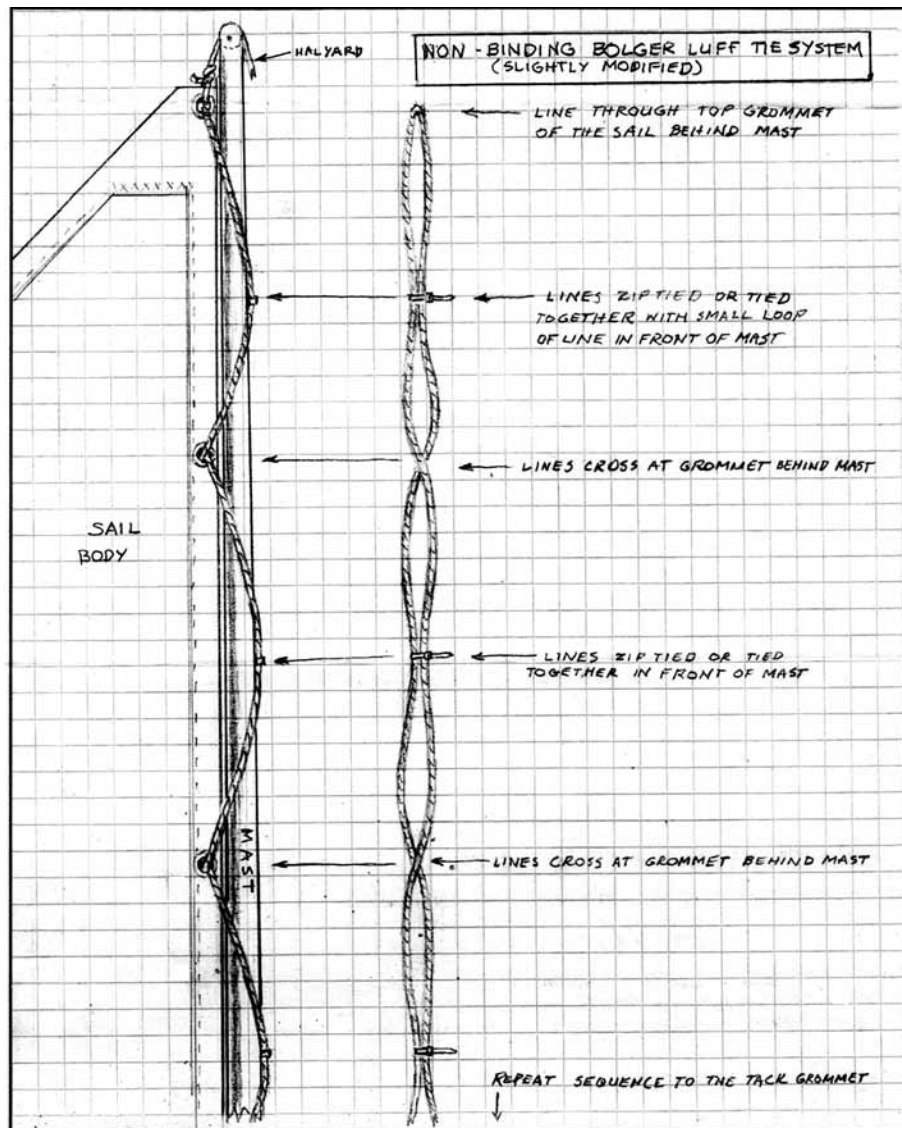
Galvanic Series

- Stainless Steel (passive)
- Monel
- Nickel
- Silicon Bronze
- Copper
- Brass
- Lead
- Stainless Steel (active)
- Cast Iron
- Wrought Iron
- Mild Steel
- Aluminum
- Galvanized Steel or Iron
- Zinc



Non-Binding Luff Tie System

Here's a nifty method of making certain that your sail can be easily hoisted and doused. I first came across this system in Dynamite Payson's *Build the New Instant Boats*. However, I found the text and diagrams a little confusing to follow easily, so I redrew the diagram and modified the system slightly to use zip ties in place of the knotting approach Payson explains. I've tried the system before, and I agree with Payson when he says, "Phil Bolger's luff tie system beats them sail tracks, mast hoops, and other lashing systems hollow for easy installation. It works perfectly for hoisting and dropping the sail, and it costs no more than the price of a few yards of line."



One can learn a lot from other people's mistakes. "War stories" at a social gathering are good for picking up such information. "North" is usually at the top of the chart/map, not always, but usually. This point was made to an individual when he tried to adjust his chart plotter to reflect the direction his boat was heading out a winding channel in the dark. The modification revised the display and when he should have turned to port, he turned the boat to starboard and went aground.

Then there is the person who was in a hurry because a tropical storm was coming and he did not "dock test" everything before casting off the lines. The propeller was fouled enough that, with a very strong wind blowing the boat away from the float, the boat drifted out of reach of the float before he realized the problem. Once the boat drifted to the other side of the canal he got out, went back for his diving gear and cleaned the prop. Telling a story about one's experiences (good or bad) or listening to others helps both avoid the same mistakes at a later time.

My skiff needs a place out of the water, but not on the trailer, since my launch ramp is not complete (after 30 years you would think that small item would be completed). My neighbor completed a float rehab project and had a section of the old float left over. While a 12' skiff is a bit longer than a 10' float, the end result should work when I have completed rebuilding the float and connecting it to my existing system.

One item I need for this project is a set of cleats. Following the usual practice in my area among the "old timers," I have built two cleats out of some discarded 2"x4" pressure treated lumber. The usual practice is to take a 2' piece of lumber and cut off 6", then "taper" the corners (no sharp edges to abrade line) and put the shorter section centered under the longer section and connect the results to the float with long lag bolts (or through bolts



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

with backing material if there is going to be a large boat tied thereto). The fancier ones have all the edges smoothed, usually with a belt sander, to look "nice." The size of the two pieces varies with the need. I have seen small boat cleats made from 1"x2" pieces in the same manner.

The use of lumber on floats is getting to be a less obvious choice as the new, pre-made synthetic floats come available at an affordable price. Of course, there are some "extra" costs for the cleats, piling hoops and the like. Most of the wooden floats in my area are secured to the pilings with cross pieces and bolts. The 2"x8" (or whatever size) adjacent on each side that is nearest to a piling extends beyond the piling by 8" to 12". A cross piece is bolted on the outside (other side of the piling from the dock) and the float is now "connected" to the piling. Everything floats up and down quite nicely. Yes, there is some wear on the lumber but it is not a problem to fix or replace. This approach is definitely less expensive than the commercial options!

There was an article in a recent magazine on flying about the problems of depth perception in the air at night. This problem also exists on the water at night. Our boat was almost hit one night as we sat at anchor at one end of the finish line for a sailboat race. The anchor light was lit and suitable precautions had been taken. However, one boat did not realize how close they were to our boat until I snapped on the spot light and lit the bow

of the boat and the anchor rode. Their depth perception came into focus and they missed us by about 10'. More than one of my sailing acquaintances have either brushed (very closely, like scrape marks on the hull) or almost hit a navigational aid at night.

Aircraft have the advantage of transponders, air traffic controllers watching the radar images and constant radio communication with the controllers. One problem with night operations and depth perception is coming up on a boat from astern. In some cases, the boat's stern light is all there is. This light is not much help in determining distance from the boat, only that there is a boat up front somewhere.

Some people have radar, or radar detectors, and some have an Automated Identification System (AIS) on their boat (or all three). For any of the devices to be of use, they need to be activated and someone keeping an eye on the display. For most of us on the water at night, all we have is our eyes.

I built a new hatch cover for *Hirado* as the old one was rotting through on the edges (plywood does that). I decided to disassemble the old cover to get the hardwood braces for later use (on what, who knows?). While all but two of the long screws running through the plywood and into the hardwood were stainless, all the nails used in the project were steel (probably galvanized in 1985) and had rusted quite badly.

The two steel screws broke while being extracted. The breaks were above the hardwood so I was able to remove the remains. However, the steel nails were another matter. What I needed was a 1/8" plug/core drill so I could simply drill out the nails. Such does not exist in the commercial world as far as I can tell. Following a suggestion, I used a standard drill and drilled around each nail to the point that the wood (or most of it) was removed and the nail was extracted. Not quick or easy, but it worked.

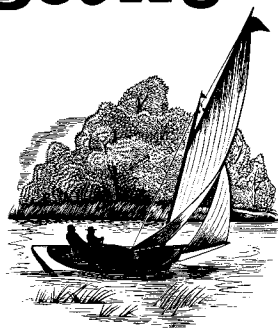
Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form

Name _____

Mail Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

*messing
about in*
BOATS



Mail Orders

12 Months — \$32 (Payable by Check)

To: Messing About in Boats

29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-1943

3 Months Trial Subscription — \$8

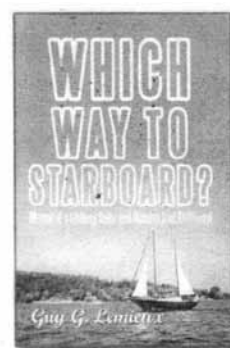
Mail Order Only

Internet Orders

12 Months — \$36 (Payable by Credit Card)

To: www.duckworksbbbs.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted



By
**Guy G.
Lemieux**

WHICH WAY TO STARBOARD?

Enjoy this firsthand account
of the sport of family sailing.
Lemieux buys a wooden
boat with a history, restores
it, and after seven years,
enjoys the results of his
labours.

Order from IUNIVERSE or Amazon



Custom Small Boats



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.



Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

Builders & Restorers

C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.

15 Wiley's Corner Rd. St. George, ME 04860
207-372-8543

Custom Wooden Boat Building & Restoration



10/6" Yacht Tender Elegant

E-mail woodboats@msn.com

Blog

<http://blackguillemot.wordpress.com/>

Hansen & Company Builders of Practical & Impractical Boats

Gloucester Gull Dories & Other Small Boats
www.hansenandcompany.blogspot.com
Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehansen@myfairpoint.net
Spruce Head, ME 04859

Anest Yachts Inc

Custom Classic & Traditional Boats
Huntington, Long Island, NY
(516) 457-5083
www.AnestYachts.com



Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951

Proud Builders of Arey's Pond Catboats



14' Cat - 16' Lynx Cabin
16' Lynx Open - 16' Launch
18' Daysailer
20' Cruising Cat
21' Launch

Traditional Elegance

All boats built to the highest standards.
Hulls are wood or fiberglass with
teak or mahogany trim.
Solid bronze hardware,
Sitka spruce spars.

Brokerage Boat Sales
APBY Sailing School
Mooring Rentals and Storage

Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
www.areyspondboatyard.com

(607) 547-2658

Tom Krieg's Boat Shop

(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
Cooperstown, NY 13326

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging



Wooden Boats Built to Order

Row, Power, or Sail - Phil Bolger Designs
Bare Hulls, Complete Boats
Lumber Yard Skiff Plans,
Shoal Draft Our Specialty
Check Out My Website

www.oldwharf.com

Or Give Me a Call at (508) 349 2383

Walter Baron, Boatbuilder

170 Old Chequessett Neck Rd, Wellfleet, MA 02667

Hadden Boat Company

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



Our Current Project 36' Vinnie Cavanaugh Replica

11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548
(207) 371-2662

Available
Spring 2012

16' cruising kayak © Dick Newick, design #153

LABRIE
SMALL
CRAFT

www.labriesmallcraft.com (207) 570-2300

BURNHAM BOAT BUILDING & DESIGN



11 BURNHAM CT.
P.O. Box 541
Essex, MA 01929
978-768-2569

BURNHAMBOATBUILDING.COM

CAPT. HAROLD A. BURNHAM
DESIGNER, SAWYER, SHIPWRIGHT,
AND SAILMAKER

It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip
Performance, Sea Kayaks

**Kits, Plans &
Finished Boats**

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
54 South Rd.
Groton, CT 06340-4624
ph: 860-659-8847

http://www.KayakPlans.com/m

Plans & Kits



Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$4.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95
NOW ON DVD ALSO

Monford Associates
50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578
(207) 882-5504



<gaboats.com>

PICCUP PRAM



11' X 4'5" OA - 100# Empty
Taped Seam Multichine
\$20 Plans - \$1 INFO ON 8 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK
118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254

*The Day Every Man
Dreams of...*

...the day he launches a new boat.

Award Winning Boat Kits

PYGMY
BOATS INC

The Wineglass Wherry

www.pygmyboats.com

Free "Consumer Guide To Building Your Dream Boat"

Imagine the pride of riding on the water in a boat like those pictured in *Messing About In Boats*. As you tow her to the lake, **envious onlookers** give you "thumbs up" on the highway. You load her on the water and your heart swells with pride as **she floats like a dream**. Gliding along the water, other boaters stop and ask "what year is it?" Or, "where did you get that beautiful boat?" Your smile is so big your cheeks hurt and you reply, "she's brand new, **I built her myself**."

This is the feeling expressed by thousands of Glen-L builders and we'd like you to experience it too. Leave a voicemail at 877-913-2108 for your FREE copy of our "Consumer's Guide To Building Your Dream Boat" - www.Glen-L.com

"The finished boat and response I get when showing her, are more rewarding than I could have ever imagined."

Rick Dufresne - Portland, OR

WESTON FARMER BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034

THE SIMMONS



Classics of the North Carolina coast 18-, 20- & 22-foot plans available

- ~ Outstandingly seaworthy vessels
- ~ 30 mps with low power
- ~ Light & simple; plywood lapstrake construction
- ~ Detailed plans & directions; no lofting



Cape Fear Museum
Wilmington, NC
910.798.4371
capefearmuseum.com

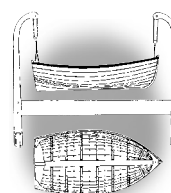
Jordan Wood Boats

P.O. Box 194, South Beach, OR 97366
541-867-3141

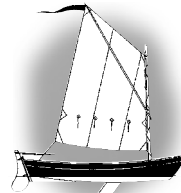
www.jordanwoodboats.com

Distinctive Boat Designs

Meticulously Developed and Drawn
For the Amateur Builder



CRADLE BOAT
BABY TENDER



BEACH CRUISER
FOOTLOOSE

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS

WOODEN POND MODEL KITS



MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL

Rubber Band & Sail Powered Kits

Pre-Shaped & Drilled Parts
Brass, Copper & Stainless Hardware

Great Fun in Pool, Pond, or Sea • Order Yours Today

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted
Other Kits & Plans Available, catalog \$1.00

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS
Dept. M, PO Box 2863
Prince Frederick, MD 20678, USA

Visit our Home Page at
<http://www.seaworthysmallships.com>

DUCKWORKS BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

low prices, fast service

www.duckworksbbbs.com



SWIFTY 12



A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$1500. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Demonstration video, \$20, DVD.

SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645
www.shellboats.com

H.H. PAYSON AND COMPANY



**Plans • Patterns • Articles • Books
Instant Boat Series • Downeast Dorries • Model Building**

Visit our website @ www.instantboats.com
Call, write or email for information or help with your project.

H.H. Payson & Company
PO Box 122
Spruce Head, ME 04859

**Going forward in the spirit and tradition of Dynamite Payson.
Just Do It!**

Dennis Hansen Boatbuilder

207-594-7587



CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT THE BEST BOATS YOU CAN BUILD.™



Wood Duck 10



Chesapeake 17LT



Shearwater 17



Eastport Pram

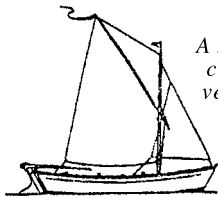


Northeaster Dory

and more than 80 other boat kits!

**For a free catalog of boat kits, plans, and
boatbuilding materials, visit clboats.com
or call 410.267.0137**

CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER



*A range of small
craft plans for
very easy home
building in
plywood*

For details, visit the website:
www.broadlyboats.com/sections

or contact:
CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER

**15 Lanyard PI
Woodbridge, Suffolk
IP12 1FE
United Kingdom
Tel +44 1394 383491**



BUFFLEHEAD

15.5'x33" plans
for experienced builders

**HUGH HORTON
SMALL BOATS**

SOLID COMFORT BOATS
8471 SW CR 347
Cedar Key, FL 32625
huhorton@gmail.com

21st century cruising sailing canoe for savvy sailors
Photo by Bill Ling



ATKIN

Atkin illustrated catalog. Containing more than 300 Atkins designs and new text. Famed Atkins double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities and houseboats. \$15.00 U.S. and Canada (post paid) and \$22.00 U.S. overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

ATKIN BOAT PLANS

P.O. Box 3005M, Noroton, CT 06820
apatkin@aol.com
www.atkinboatplans.com

Kudzu Craft

Fuselage frame kayaks and canoes
Full sized plans, frame kits, supplies, boats
kudzucraft.com

Mess About kayak
Fishing version

Robb White & Sons Sport Boat

Handy, pretty, proven 16'x43" strip planked skiff will plane two adults with 4hp. Full size mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75 Photos & specs at www.robbwhite.com.

Robb White & Sons
P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799

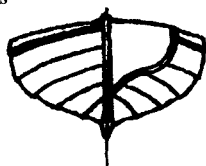


Built by the designer's 10 yr old daughter, Grace's Tender is a great introduction to boatbuilding, sailing and generally messing about in boats. 8 ft long, weighs 55 lb. Plans, a 2 hour DVD, kits available.

ARCH DAVIS DESIGN
37 Doak Rd, Belfast, ME 04915.
207-930-9873.
www.archdavisdesigns.com

Supplies

**William Clements
Boat Builder
Since 1980**



P.O. Box 87
No. Billerica, MA 01862
bill@boatbldr.com
www.boatbldr.com

WOOD/CANVAS CANOE RESTORATIONS

RESTORATION SUPPLIES and TOOLS

SILICON BRONZE AND BRASS WOOD SCREWS
CANOE CANVAS • TRADITIONAL CANVAS FILLER
BRASS CANOE TACKS & STEMBANDS
AND MORE!!

For free catalog call (978) 663-3103

MAINE COAST LUMBER, INC.

17 White Birch Lane
York, ME 03909
(207) 363-7426
(800) 899-1664
Fax (207) 363-8650
M-F 7am-5pm



4 Warren Ave.
Westbrook, ME 04902
(207) 856-6015
(877) 408-4751
Fax (207) 856-6971
M-F 7:30am-4:30pm
Saturday 8am-12pm

HARDWOOD LUMBER • SOFTWOOD LUMBER •
HARDWOOD PLYWOODS • MELAMINE • MDF •
MARINE PLYWOODS • MDO • PARTICLE BOARD •
SLATWALL • LAMINATE • EDGE BANDING • VENEER •
HARDWOOD MOLDINGS • CUSTOM MILLING

We Deliver
ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

www.maine coastlumber.com
email: info@mainecoastlumber.com



We ship UPS

Small-Craft & Cruising Sails

Bermudan, gaff, gunter, lug, sprit, etc.
for skiffs or schooners

Aerodynamic designs in
white, cream, tanbark and
Oceanus

Photos, quotes at
www.dabblersails.com

e-mail - dab@crosslink.net
ph/fax 804-580-8723
or write us at PO Box 235
Wicomico Church, VA 22579



Stuart K. Hopkins, sole prop

SPACE AVAILABLE

If you offer a product that might be of
interest to small boat folks you can let
them know about it right here for only
\$18 a month. Interested?

Contact Us
MAIB, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984
maib.office@gmail.com
(978) 774-0906



Sail for a canoe

Excellent quality and design
\$325.00 plus shipping -
National Sailing Committee
American Canoe Association

Pay to: C. Sutherland
Send to:
Chuck Sutherland
2210 Finland Rd.
Green Lane, PA 18054

For info and
Free rig plans
seashell@entermail.net
www.enter.net/~skimmer

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick.
New supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.
1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721



UNIQUE ARAN, CELTIC, AND GUERNSEY
SWEATERS HAND KNIT FROM NATURAL,
UNDYED WOOD SPUN IN MAINE.

THE YARN IN THESE SWEATERS IS SPUN AT
BARTLETT YARDS ON A SPINNING MULE
SYSTEM CREATED NEARLY 200 YEARS AGO.
SINCE IT RETAINS ITS NATURAL LANOLIN,
IT IS WATER RESISTANT.

BEAUTIFUL, RUGGED, AND STRIKING, THESE
SWEATERS WILL KEEP YOU WARM AT WORK
OR PLAY.

FOR SAMPLE PHOTOS VISIT US AT OUR WEB
SITE OR E-MAIL FOR INFORMATION.

www.sv-moonshadow.com
sweaters@sv-moonshadow.com



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios
for coating, gluing, and composite construction. Our large
fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven
materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials.
Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the
lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store
hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday. Write or call us
or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

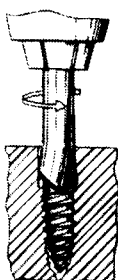
RAKA Marine

3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571
Ph. (772) 489-4070 — Fax (772) 461-2070
www.raka.com



UNSCREW-UMS™ broken-screw extractors

Remove damaged fastenings. Minimal damage to wood. Hollow tool uses stub as guide. Sizes to remove screws from No. 2 to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.



T&L TOOLS

24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335
Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709
unscrew-ums@tltools.com
www.tltools.com

OARSMAN MARINE TALLOW

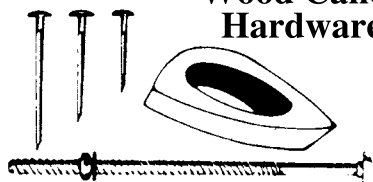
*Traditional Oar Leather
& Oarlock Lubricant*

1/4 pint & 1/2 pint sizes

"Why settle for second best?"

Swanson Boat Company
420 Broad St., Windsor, CT 06095
Phone: 860-299-6502
E-Mail: Rodger Swanson412@comcast.net
R.C. Swanson, Proprietor

Wood Canoe Hardware



CANOE HARDWARE

1/2", 11/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16" Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear White Cedar. Price List Available.

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP

Ph: (888) 564-1020
Fax: (207) 564-3667
Web: www.woodencanoes.com

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS



16 Limerock St., Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.net

WHITE OAK

Quarter sawn, green & air dried
L 20', 4/4 - 8/4

Also tulip, cherry, B, locust, ash,
walnut, spruce, hemlock & others

SPECIALTY WOODS

Westbrook, CT
(860) 399-5224 (860) 304-2547

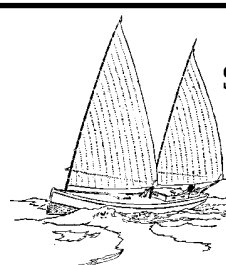
Quality Cedar Strips MAS Epoxy Supplies • Tools



CANOE, KAYAK & ROWING BOAT KITS

**the NEWFOUND
WOODWORKS inc.**

603-744-6872
www.newfound.com



Small Craft
Sails
by
Sew Tec

Any Sail, Traditional to High Tech,
to 100 sq. ft.
Re-cuts, Repairs & Custom Canvas Work
22 years in business
sewttec@hughes.net - 850-773-7929

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up to 24'.

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307
Smithfield, RI 02917-0704
Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029



Ash, cherry, or oak cleats,
hand-rubbed finish,
several styles available at
WoodMarineCleats.com
or call 906-644-7610
for custom work

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS AND MARINE SUPPLY

- Complete hand lay-up fiberglass supplies for light & heavy fiberglass or wood boat repair & construction
- Polyester, Epoxy, Vinylester Marine Grade Resins
- Marine Topside Enamels & Antifouling Bottom Paint
- Silicon Bronze & Stainless Steel Fasteners

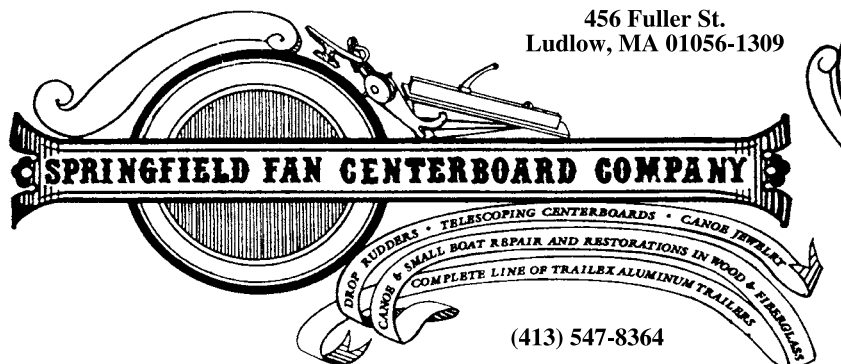
Quality Brand Name Products

Competitive Pricing
All items in stock for
immediate shipment

Online catalog
www.mertons.com
call 800-333-0314
P.O. Box 399
East Longmeadow,
MA 01028

**Supplying Quality Products
To Boat Owners,
Hull Finishers & Boatyards
for over 20 years.**

800-333-0314



456 Fuller St.
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309

(413) 547-8364

CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE



FREE Bolger Fishcat. Optional trlr \$300. 25hp long shaft Yamaha 4-stroke w/tank & battery, \$3,000 (only 50 hours). MALCOLM FIFER, Warrior AL, (205) 590-0169, msfifer@bellsouth.net (1) (P)

16' FG Peapod, new '99. Sailing version compl w/8' Shaw & Tenney leathered oars, anchor, 3 fenders & 2 adult lifejackets. Nice trlr w/new axle & bearings. Specs & pix can be viewed by google entry of "SpindriftRowboats" clicking on "Peapod Rower Sailer". My boat is painted dark green w/ red bootstripe. Titled & registered in NY. Located in East Islip, LI. \$3,500 firm, cash or MO. Additional pix my boat at "photobucket.com/sailing-peapod". **13' "Jimmy Skiff"**, rowing only version as shown at "Chesapeake Light Craft" under "Rowing Craft-Fixed Seat Rowing". Compl w/ oars, 2 fenders & 1 adult lifejacket. Has '95 Mercury 4hp short shaft 2-stroke in gd cond. No trlr but could be loaded into 8' pickup bed. My boat shown at "photobucket.com/gene3521album". Price \$750 firm, cash or MO. Boat titled & registered in NY, located E. Islip, LI. GENE, (631)206-1261, gene3521@hotmail.com. (2P)

Chaisson Dory Tender, 10'0"x3'x11 1/2", originally built ca '16 in Swampscott MA by George Chaisson. '10 cedar, pine, oak/copper & bronze fastened. A classic small craft as per lines & off-sets in John Gardner's *The Dory Book*. Exc cond. \$2,500.

JIM DOOLEY, Marshfield, MA, (781) 834-2979. (1)

18'6"x 5' Alpha Dory, a real classic, exc cond, white oak frames & rails, pine planking, cb trunk. Great rowing boat. Priced to sell at \$2,500 obo. STEVE WILLARD, Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-8462. (1)



Adirondack Goodboat #11, from '87, little used. Compl w/trlr, Suzuki 2hp, updated sailing rig, oars & paddles. Has bows for a cover, no cover. 2nd owner paid \$2,500 in about '89 & that's his price now, a bargain given the boat's as good as new. MASON SMITH, Adirondack Goodboat, Blue Mt. Lake, NY, (518) 624-6398, www.adirondackgoodboat.com (12)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to mail.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



Abaco Dinghy, built by Winer Malone in early '60s. 14' stem to stern. Exterior professionally fiberglassed, painted w/Awlgrip paint & Interlux CSC bottom paint. Compl well cared for boat on trlr capable of long hauls. All bronze hardware. Oars & typical accessories incl. \$6,500. Located Tampa Bay FL area. CHARLES COLLUM, (865) 603-0243 or GLENN OSOLING, (727) 512-4245. (12)

Getting Older, Reducing Fleet. These boats should be on the water. **Drascombe Lugger**, 18' Yawl, '80. Tanbark Sails. New roller furling jib '05, the year I purchased it from original owner who sailed it on Lake Erie. Stored in his barn & now mine. Used vy little, mostly on local lakes & a cruise out to the Isles of Shoals. W/trlr, oars & camping extras. \$6,200 OBO. **Easy Rider Eskimo Sea Kayak**, 18'6", seaworthy & comfortable, ideal for an evening paddle around the lake or a week on the Maine Island Trail. Bought in '88. Always stored under cover or inside. Cost for new boat today \$3,800. \$650 OBO. Motivated seller. Call for details & pictures.

AL HANSEN Wilmot Flat NH, (603) 977 4417, a_hansen@mcttelecom.com (1)

Egret Canoe, tandem/solo fg Egret Lotus canoe designed by Mike Galt. Wood trim, beautiful design. \$900 obro. **'08 Stur-Dee Custom Built 10' Skiff**, 55" beam, numerous bronze fittings & oarlocks, teak seats, topside & "stern corner" trim. Spruce oars. Black bottom paint, red boot stripe. Very substantial (138 lbs), beautifully built w/ lovely lines & full flotation. Can use 2-5hp motor. Stored indoors. New \$3,323, sell \$2,500 obro.. DONALD MAHARAM, Hauppauge NY, (561) 622-0639. (12)

DN Iceboat, in gd cond. Lightly used. Spare runner plank & boom. Also, storm sail. \$1,500. REID WEEDON, Cohasset, MA, (781) 383-6284, emweedon@gmail.com (12)

Melges C Scow, #527 built '63, near original, a little rough, sailable, great sail, useable trlr. \$4,000. BILL HART, Stigler, OK, (918) 799-5553. (12)

Fleet Reduction: 17' Swampscott Dory, exc cond. Copper riveted, cedar on oak, mahogany seats & trim. Full sail rig, sprit main & jib, Dabber sails as new. Freshly painted topsides. Built by professional boatbuilder Rob Barker, who has taught at Mystic Seaport and WoodenBoat School. Custom fitted cover. Roadworthy but untitled tilt trailer w/ new tires, wheels & lights. If you're looking for a traditionally built dory, you will not find a nicer one. Price reduced, now \$3,900 OBO. **15' Adirondack Guideboat**, Kevlar, weight: 70lbs, 550lbs capacity. Rows like a dream. Ivory color like new. \$3,000. **12' Bart Hawthaway Rob Roy Canoe**, signed. Vy gd cond w/Hawthaway double paddle & sail rig. \$1,000. BRIAN FORSYTH, Solomons, MD, (443) 804-6439, brforsyth@comcast.net (12)

Bolger Windsprint, side panels scaled up 25% from original design for 20' length and increased freeboard on original beam. Stock Payson sail. Hull from 1/4" SuperPly sides & 3/8" MDO bottom, glassed outside, epoxy sealed inside, latex all over. Doug fir birds mouth mast, spars, & gunwales. Ash tiller, cleats, chocks. Cypress floorboards. 20lb lead insert in daggerboard. Ready to sail. \$1,100 on your trlr. **Experimental Bolger Nymph Variant**, standard Rubens Nymph stretched 1/3 in length to 10'4" w/winged box keel & inboard rudder. BS1088 Meranti ply, glassed outside, Doug fir and oak elsewhere, latex all over. Wing has 55lbs. lead & she'll need more inside once launched. Spars compl for 67sf standing lug, needs sail & rigging. \$900 on your trlr or pickup. Both located central CO. Email request for pictures. JON KOLB, CO, jon@kolbsadventures.com (12)

BOATS WANTED

Peapod or Dory Wanted, my dog and I are in the market for an experienced restorable peapod or dory for recreational lobstering next season. DICK WHEELER, Wareham, MA, (508) 291-1319, wheelerauk@comcast.net (12)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Sails & Rigging: Wildflower Boom, Rudder, Tiller, Daggerboard, 8'4" boom 1 1/2" dia alum, loose foot; alum kick-up rudder w/mahogany tiller; mahogany daggerboard. \$30 for all. Must pick up. **Flying Saucer Dacron Mainsail**, luff 14'8", leach 17'6", foot 7'6", rope luff and foot, battens, gd cond, no tears or stains. \$30 + shipping costs. **Flying Saucer Dacron Jib**, luff 10', leach 11'4", foot 4', club foot pocket, no tears, minor rust stains, gd cond. \$15 + shipping costs. **Flying Saucer Mast & Boom**, 15' alum mast, ss forestay & shrouds, slight aft rake; 8'7" alum boom. \$50 for both. Must pick up. **Flying Dutchman Jr. #524 Rig**, nylon or light Dacron main, jib, mast, boom, cb, rudder & tiller, 20'5" spruce mast, grooved for luff rope, 8'8" wood boom grooved for rope foot; main luff 15'4", leach. 16'10", foot. 7'4", jib luff 11'0", leach. 13'9", foot. 6'0". Both sails in gd+ shape, no holes or tears. All items \$100 obo. Must pick up. **Old Cotton Mainsail**, luff 16'0", leach 17'0", foot. 10'0". Track cars on rope luff, rope foot, one 2" mouse hole, some small patches & several stains. \$10 + shipping. **Sailboard Sail**, exc cond, luff 14'4", leach 12'4", foot. 8'0". White w/red trim, window. \$25 + shipping. BOB GROESCHNER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-8048. (12)

GEAR FOR SALE

Karavan Galvanized Trailer, for 14'-16' boat. 1,500lb. capacity. Gd tires 4.80x8, gd bearings & hubs, bearing buddies, working lights, no rust on frame, solid bunks & rollers. Axle will need replacing soon. Karavan lists replacement axle for \$60 + weldments & fasteners. Asking \$75. Currently registered in CT.
BOB GROESCHNER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-8048. (12)

Things You Should Know About Publication of Your Classified Ads

If we receive your ad just before going to press, there will be a two-week interval during printing before the issue containing it will be mailed, and a further ten days to two weeks in the mail is added to the interval before your ad will be in readers' hands. If we receive your ad just after going to press, up to another two weeks will be added. This is can be from three to six weeks before your ad will appear. You can receive up to two more issues after sending in your ad before it will appear. It will not be in the next issue you receive for certain.

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration from The Wind in the Willows

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. Tee Shirts, Long Sleeve Tees, Sweatshirts, and Tote Bags. Order on-line or by mail. Visit www.messingabout.com for more info or to print an order form.

THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20901 (301) 589-9391 (voice mail only)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Free MAIB Back Issues, I have a complete run of MAIB from December 15, 1998 through April 1, 2005 free to anyone who will pay the shipping or come by NE Ohio to pick them up in person.
RICHARD GEE, OH, Geerichard@aol.com (12)

Imagine the Pride You'll Feel, on the water in a boat built with your own two hands. Call (877) 913-2108 for FREE *Consumer Guide to Building Your Dreamboat*.
www.Glen-L.com (TF)

MAKING WOOD TOOLS

with John Wilson



Making Wood Tools, by John Wilson. Veteran toolmaker and teacher John Wilson brings us what may be both the most beautiful book of the year as well as the most useful. Interesting stories, innovative designs and detailed plans introduce you to the age-old art of making for yourself the tools you use in your shop for working wood. 275 photos and 50 drawings. See our website ShakerOvalBox.com for a preview of the book. Call John at (517) 543-5325 and mention you are a subscriber to MAIB and receive \$10 off the \$39.95 price.
THE HOME SHOP, Charlotte, MI, (517) 543-5325. (11) (P)

SCMM™ is a brand of University Embroidery, a Division of D.T. Publisher of Tampa.

Announce and report on your messabout events in MAIB

What is SCMM™ All About?

SKIMM, SCAMM or most likely SCUMM was conceived to foster the watery get-togethers we have come to know as "messabouts," ...with no charter, no dues, no membership, no rules, no treasury, no web presence, no organization, no central contact list, no periodical, no board, no officers, no local chapters.

Yes – No hierarchy or structure at all.

Consider how well the annual messabout at Cedar Key and a few other gatherings around the country work. For the day, weekend or week, crews assemble, support each other, benefit from the buddy system, enjoy themselves and then dissolve.

SCMM is motivated too, by the profit incentive, as is the American Way, in that boaty garments are available for purchase.

So, the idea was to create a bonding element for the community of enthusiasts who just want to get together, eat outside, imbibe, swat bugs, spit swear, compare boats, share ideas and get on the water with oars, paddles, pedals, poles, and sails. Even small and quiet motors would be welcome.

In other words, SCMM is a brand, but one with a motive of fomenting and promoting small boating activity, without restriction, and to supply sturdy, good quality stuff for your comfort and protection.

SCMM products are selected for their high value, and customized with embroidery, silk screen or transfer printing as is most appropriate to their fabric and long life.

Visit: www.StitchNinjas.com/scmm to see what's available right now, for yourself or for gifts.

SMALL-CRAFT RESTORATION



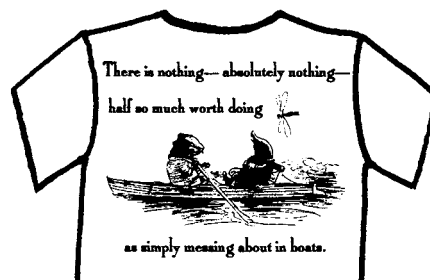
We specialize in restoration of wooden boats in the 8- to 24-foot range, along with construction of new, classic-design watercraft.

Please visit our website, www.islandboatshop.com

Marty Loken

Island Boatshop

Nordland, WA 98358
360.301.6737



Simply Messing About In Boats
Nautical Apparel & Accessories

from
The Wind in the Willows
The Design Works
toll free 877-637-7464
www.messingabout.com

Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

Getting There...



messing about in **BOATS**

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

1112

PRSRT STD
US POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMIT #148



6821 RT 7, N Ferrisburgh, VT 05473
(802) 425-3926

www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

UPCOMING SHOWS

Jan 3-6 New York Boat Show, Javits Center, NYC (maybe)
Jan 10-13 Nashville Boat Show, Nashville, TN
Jan 24-27 Strictly Sail, Chicago, IL
Jan 24-27 Hartford Boat Show, Hartford, CT
Feb 15-17 Southeastern Wildlife Expo, Charleston SC
Mar 8-10 Canoecopia, Madison, WI

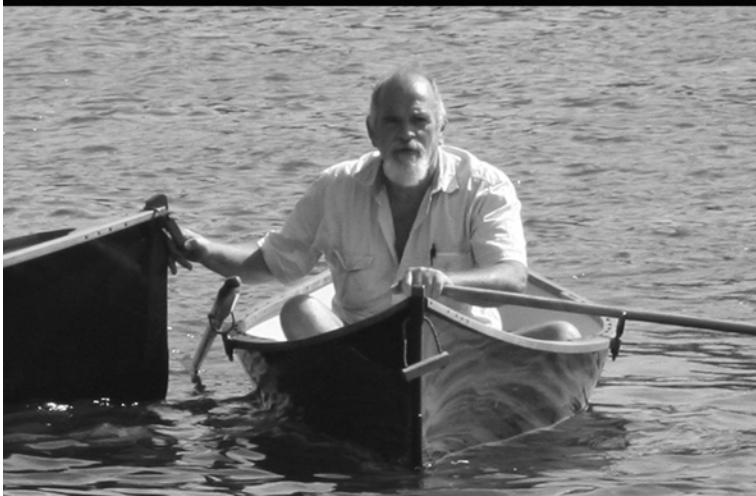
"I Just Sold My Boat-Building Company for \$2"

The new owners are Justin and Ian Martin, brothers and long-time employees. David Rosen, the former owner, says of the sale, "Justin didn't even have his \$1...he had to borrow it from Ian."

Following that payment, at which no papers were signed and no explicit deal was set, David received several offers for his company. One came from the former CEO of a pair of huge and highly respected catalog companies. Rosen says, "I was surprised to find...the most important thing to me wasn't the money, it was the on-going health and survivability of the company. Nobody knows our boats and our customers like Justin and Ian."

In the years in which Rosen owned half of the company, sales ranged from \$46,000 per year to \$1,200,000. Ultimately, after 15 years, Rosen bought the other half of the company. And a year after that he sold it all to the Martins, for an undisclosed sum. "It just felt right," said Rosen. The only money exchanged at closing was a check for \$40,000 which Rosen handed to the Martins, "You're going to need some capital to keep this thing going, particularly heading into winter." An intricate financial arrangement was created, lawyers on both sides signing off. The boys (if you can call men in their early 30's 'boys') have a handful of employees, each exquisitely skilled at his job, two 3,000sq ft factories and a list of orders and ideas for the upcoming year.

Before leaving the company Rosen put together a new website and a new catalog. "That should keep them for awhile. Then, when they get up to speed, they can re-design things as they see fit." Rosen feels confident regarding the future of Adirondack Guideboat. "First, there are the boats and how wonderful they are; then there is our installed base of customers and almost-customers. Then, most importantly, there is Justin and Ian...any contact our customers have had with them tells the whole story.



Rosen holds the author John McPhee in high esteem. He once wrote to McPhee, trying to tempt him into an article. McPhee wrote back, "I am quite familiar with your boats. I raised my children in Rangeley Lakes Guideboats, which are sort of Adirondack Guideboats... if they were built by the Newport News Ship and Dry Dock Company."

In a previous article about a biologist who would stop to examine roadkill she found on Georgia's highways, McPhee wrote of her shorthand describing the animals she found on the road, DOR, dead on road. In McPhee's last words in the article, he wrote that he left the biologist AOR.

Which is how Rosen leaves his former company. AOR

10% discount on molded boats till midnight, 31Dec12